Senate Reading Room

MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. VII.—NO. 49. MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1896. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

WM. GRAYSON, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc. Office Main St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

Agent for the Canada Northwest Land Company, Limited, and the Trustees of Moose Jaw Town Site.

J. G. GORDON, Barrister, Advocate, etc. Agent for the Manitoba and North West Loan Co. Office, High St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

W. J. NELSON, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer. Room 10, Aberdeen House, River St. E., Moose Jaw.

W. C. JOHNSTONE, Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, &c., Office: Cor. South Ry. & Rose Sts., Regina.

A. R. TURNBULL, M.D., C.M. Office in Bole's block, cor. Main and River streets.

DR. P. F. SIZE, L.D.S., M.R.C.D.S. SURGEON DENTIST, Will visit Moose Jaw the 29th and 30th of each month. Regina office open from 18th to 29th of each month.

H. McDOUGALL, Registrar, Moose Jaw District, for Births, Marriages and Deaths.

W. J. BROTHERTON, watch expert. Graduate of the American Horological Society. Special attention given to repairing and adjusting railroad watches Office, South Railway St., Regina.

I. O. F., Court Moose Jaw, No. 5691, holds its regular meeting in Annable Hall, on the last Tuesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p. m. Every member is requested to attend. Next regular meeting will be held on Tuesday, May 26th. F. G. Hertle, C.R. J. E. Annable, R.S.

JNO. BRASS, Tin & Sheet Iron Worker. CROSBIE BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

LUMBER : YARD —AND— Planing Mill.

After serious consideration we have decided to fall in with the progressive business movement and do business on the only true principle, that is for SPOT CASH. In future no goods will be delivered until the cash is deposited.

We thank our many customers for past favors and hope to receive the same liberal patronage in the future. Give us a call. You will find it will pay you to buy for cash only.

E. Simpson & Co.

Octavius : Field

Wholesale Dealer and Importer of

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Having just received the last direct importation for the season, my stock is now complete in both imported and domestic goods, consisting of the choicest brands of Irish, Scotch and Rye Whiskies, Brandies, London Old Tom and Holland Gins, Rums, Ports, Sherries, Champagnes, Clarets, Sauternes, Burgundies, Ginger and Native Wines, Liqueurs and Bitters, Bass' Ale and Guinness' Stout, Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc. Terms Spot Cash. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Business hours from 8 to 18 o'clock.

HERE..

FOR

PLUMS

Have you seen our men's Navy suits at $4, Tweed suits at $5 and so on? All qualities. Men's Navy pants, $1 per pair; Tweed from $1.25 up. Boy's Tweed suits—we have a good range; "Special line, price starts at $2.25." See them. Boy's knickerbockers from 25c. a pair up.

KEEP COOL

and buy yourself a summer coat for $1.25. Those are without doubt the best values we have ever shown in clothing. See them and get your size before they all go.

Men's . . .

Furnishings

Shirts in White Dressed, Regatta, Negligee, Flannel & Flannelettes from 25c. up. Underwear—see ours at 50c. a suit; also some very fine lines. Linen collars, 20c.; cuffs, 25c. a pair. Ties — a beautiful assortment—all prices, from 5c. to 75c.

TABLE LINENS

See our window for bargains in this line. You must inspect this stock, get prices and judge for yourself.

A CARLOAD of choice, fresh Groceries just placed in stock. Call and get one of our price lists and compare it with any others you may receive. It will pay you to inspect our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

T. W. Robinson

N.B.—For right prices in Tin and Granite ware, see our latest consignment.

McINNIS,

The Grit-Patron Candidate, on the Strike of 1892.

Brotherhoods have No Right to Dictate to Capital.

Labor Must Bow to Capital.

The Brotherhood Controlled by "Sleek-looking, Loud-mouthed Swaggering Foreigners."

RAILWAYMEN:

Mr. McInnis has been publicly accused of advocating the cause of capital and condemning the action of the Brotherhood during the strike of 1892. With the hope of counteracting this, Mr. Walter Scott has issued a poster with large printed headings, below which are copied certain articles from The Leader referring to the strike of 1883. Mr. Scott leads you to suppose that these articles justify and support the flaming head lines to his poster, as well as the statements made by him in his letter appearing in connection therewith. Nothing is further from the fact. He is attempting to deceive you. He presumes that the large print alone will be read by you, and that you are either too ignorant or will not have the time at you disposal to read the whole poster and thus discover his "little game." I ask you to read it through and see if the flaming head-notes are justified by the articles taken by him from The Leader and therein quoted. If you do this you will fine that he has made an attempt to mislead you, and as he is now one of Mr. McInnis' right hand supporters you should resent at the polls this insult to your intelligence.

Mr. Scott's whole conduct throughout this campaign has not been such as to raise him in the estimation of his former friends. The statement circulated by him in the columns of The Leader regarding the action of the Liberal-Conservative Association here, in inducing Mr. Davin to support the Government on the second reading of the Remedial Bill; his stab against Mr. Davin while he was absent at Ottawa attending to his parliamentary duties; his violation of his legal contract to support Mr. Davin throughout this campaign; and his letter published in the columns of The Leader, when handing over that paper to the present management, clearly exhibit the character of the man and show his animus. He is simply the tool of a dark horse. His present attempt to mislead the busy railwaymen is the latest evidence of his personal spite against Mr. Davin.

On behalf of Mr. Davin it is but fair to state that he is now and ever has been a friend to labor. The Conservative party has ever espoused the cause of the workingman. When George Brown imprisoned the printers, who were on strike, it was the late Sir John A. Macdonald who ordered their release, as the attorney-general of Canada; and at the next session of parliament passed an act legalizing for the first time in Canada, labor and trade organizations. The Brotherhood owe their existence to the Conservative party.

After reading the following article, written by or under the supervision of Mr. McInnis, if railwaymen can give their votes or support to the Grit-Patron candidate, I greatly misjudge them.

W. J. NELSON,
President of the Lib.-Con. Ass'n, Moose Jaw Dis't.
May 29th, 1896.

"THE STRIKE."

(From The Standard, March 25th, 1892. J. K. McInnis, Editor and Publisher.)

"The strike of the conductors "and brakesmen of the C.P.R., "whatever the outcome may be, is "causing a considerable amount of "inconvenience to the public. Al"though the effort of the company "to keep the passenger and immi"grant trains on the move are "proving fairly successfull, the "freight traffic is seriously inter"rupted.

"THE STANDARD prefers at all "times to be found advocating the "cause of the oppressed rather than "of the oppressor, but we must say "that our sympathies are decidedly "against strikes and strikers. It "seems to us that the proper course "to be pursued by any employee "who is dissatisfied with the re"muneration of his labor is to per"sonally seek from his employer a "fair equivalent. To place one's "business affairs at the disposal of "a 'Brotherhood' or any committee "thereof seems quite inconsistent "with the idea of personal liberty. "This is the more apparent when, "as is frequently the case, families "suffer because an organization to "which the 'bread-winner' belongs "commands him to strike. In "reference to the present movement "it is now openly stated that it was "a surprise to many of those whose "interests are involved. The com"mittee, it is said, exceeded their "instructions and precipitated the "trouble. If this is correct it is to "be earnestly hoped the lesson of it "will not be entirely lost upon per"sons who are too prone to join "organizations which confer little "or no benefit, and which regularly "bleed their victims of 'dues.' Is "it not a little humiliating to think "that at present we have in our "country two WELL-DRESSED, SLICK-"LOOKING, LOUD-MOUTHED, SWAG-"GERING FOREIGNERS controlling "this movement. Would any busi"ness man in Regina or Winnipeg "suffer outsiders to dictate for one "moment as to what the wages of "his employees should be? Such "conduct is not intended to bring "labor and capital into harmony, "but is, on the other hand, a fruit"ful source of lawlessness. Strikes "are founded on the principle of "physical force, but the world to"day is not moved by that influ"ence, and those who trust to it "will learn by experience that law, "order and reason must prevail and "that through and by them all "wrongs can be righted."

THE Western Milling Company, LIMITED, REGINA. - N.W.T.

In closing out our Pump and Implement business we are offering great bargains on the following goods, as the stock must be sold off at once.

SYLVESTER DISC HARROWS, FLEURY STRAW CUTTERS, I.X.L. CRUSHERS, BUCKBOARDS, TUBULAR IRON DOUBLETREES AND WHIFFLETREES,

One ten foot pumping Halliday windmill. One large new double-acting Curtis Windmill pump, for 16' windmill, at half original cost. Model Canadian force pump heads. Superior ordinary lift pump heads. Iron cistern pumps and anti-freezing pumps.

Iron piping, iron cylinders and pump repairs of every description.

ONE KEYSTONE DRILLER With engine complete, to be sold as it stands. A SNAP.

Second-hand Machinery as Good as New.

We have a large stock of repairs for all implements we quote, and give FREE with each machine certain minor pieces.

It will be to your advantage to write us for prices.

We can quote delivered at any railway station and will be pleased to have the opportunity of doing so.

BASEBALL MATCH.

First Match of the Season. Won by School Team.

On Saturday quite a number of people braved the mosquitoes and congregated at the baseball grounds, to witness the first match played in Moose Jaw this season. The match, as we announced last week, was between the Stars and High School teams and was played with much vim, there being a purse of $5.00 for the winning team. W. J. Nelson, Esq., Barrister, acted as umpire and performed his duty with precision and fairness.

During the first three quarters of time the School team seemed to do pretty much all the scoring, but toward the close, the Stars pulled up their score nobly, and at the close the scorer, Mr. C. Prosser, declared the result to be 38 to 22 in favor of the School.

We will say that the boys played remarkably good baseball, for juniors, and there is material with a little more development, for first-class players in both teams. We also believe that the Regina juveniles acted wisely, from their point of view, in flunking last year at the time of the Exhibition. We are not familiar with the names of the players generally, but have no hesitation in commending the play of Master Samson Rollo, of the Stars.

Before dispersing the boys gave "three cheers for McInnis."

Caron.

The crops are looking green in this settlement, and there is a prospect of a good harvest.

Mr. E. Hawkes has got his pony again. Drive the stake deeper, Everett!

Miss McBride was visiting at Caron for a few days last week.

Inquisitive—Where is Pierce going?
Knowall—To Caron in quest of "dear."

I.—What is the cause of that smile on Joe's face?

K.—I guess the belt tickles him.

I.—Who is that young man with the addition to his cart?

K.—That's C——H——. All his cart lacks now is a "reflector" like the one Billie is to get.

Mr. Geo. Murphy was up last week from Sligo Ranch.

A young bachelor's soliliquy, after visiting Caron:

She's a dainty, gentle girl,
Her eyes are soft and sweet,
But woe is me! the hair she wears
Is like a bunch of buckwheat

CURRENT NOTES.

According to a telegram from Pekin, a remarkable treaty has been concluded between Russia and China. The precise terms of this treaty have not been officially divulged, but what purports to be an outline of them has been published by the North China Daily News, a journal usually well informed. If this outline is correctly drawn, Great Britain will be tempted to offer vehement remonstrances against a treaty which threatens to deal a death blow to British interests in the far East, so far as China is concerned, and which makes such amazing concessions to the Czar as practically amount to the establishment of a Russian protectorate.

The treaty is alleged to begin with the declaration that the two countries have formed an offensive and defensive alliance, and that Russia shall henceforth have the privilege of using Chinese harbors and arsenals as if they were her own. Moreover, China agrees to cede to Russia in perpetuity Port Arthur, or if the Czar prefer it, any harbor in Kiang-su or Che-kiang, the provinces in which Shanghai and Hangchow are respectively situated. Russia is also to be permitted to continue the Siberian railway to any convenient point upon the Chinese seacoast, and to purchase and fortify the terminus. Russia is further to be at liberty to erect forts in Chinese territory south of Vladivostok to protect the Siberian railway; to march troops to Corea across the Yalu River, and her officers are to have free movement throughout Manchuria. On her part Russia undertakes to lend officers to drill Chinese troops, not only in Manchuria, but in Pe-chi-li, Shan-tung, Shang-si, Shen-si, and Kan-su, the five northern provinces of the Middle Kingdom, and she likewise covenants that, whenever China is in difficulties, she will come to her assistance. It is evident that if all these stipulations are carried out, Russia will tend to acquire in China much the same position which England occupies in India, and that if a Manchu Emperor is suffered to continue to reign at Pekin, it will eventually be with nothing more than the mere shadow of authority which the Calcutta Government left for a considerable period to the Mogul Emperor at Delhi.

How can Russia's absorption of China be stopped? The time to avert what Englishmen are likely to regard as a catastrophe was when the designs of the St. Petersburg Government were first disclosed by the demand that the Shimonseki treaty should be modified, and that Port Arthur and the Liau-tung peninsula should be retroceded to the Middle Kingdom by Japan. It is true that Russia's demand was backed by both Germany and France, but had Lord Salisbury assured the Mikado of his support, the latter would and could have retained his conquests in Manchuria and Corea. Now, everything is lost except Formosa, the extra compensation given for the surrender of Port Arthur, and a part of the original indemnity. We say a part because, although Japan holds Wei-hai-wei as security for the payment of the fractions of the war indemnity which still remains due, she probably could be forced by Russia to evacuate that naval fortress. The Mikado, single-handed, could not make head against a Russo-Chinese alliance. Yet, even at this late hour, if England threw her fleet into the scale, and proposed to co-operate with Japan for the purpose of opposing the execution of the reported treaty between Russia and China, it is probable that the overture would be accepted at Tokio, and that the joint opposition would attain its end without a war.

Will such a bold and resolute step be taken by Lord Salisbury? Should he make up his mind to take it, he will reestablish his Ministry in the confidence of the English people, and restore the prestige of Great Britain throughout the world.

A MARVELLOUS BOY.

Some of His Alleged Feats Cause Consternation.

A singular story comes from the Island of Orleans, just below Quebec. It is said to be vouched for by trustworthy persons and is to the effect that a nine-year-old boy there is astonishing everyone by the display of the most extraordinary powers. According to the statements of eye-witnesses, this strange child performs almost supernatural feats, such as causing heavy objects to rise from the ground without his even touching them. Among other instances of his wonderful powers, it is said that the other day, while playing with some children of his own age, he caused a summer cart that had been laid aside for the winter and whose wheels were frozen to the ground, to move as easily as a feather, and that not long since, while accompanying his father on a visit to the bush for firewood, he removed out of the soil, without even touching it, a tree stump which the horse was unable to pull out. It is also stated that the frightened parents of this extraordinary boy think that he is possessed of the devil and have applied to the cure to exorcise the evil spirit.

INFORMATION FOR THE TEACHER.

The teacher was asking questions—teachers are quite apt to ask questions, and they sometimes receive curious answers. This question was as follows:

Now, pupils, how many months have twenty-eight days?

All of them, teacher, replied the boy on the front seat.

NO LIMIT

Miss Heiress (passionately) — How much do you love me dearest?

Mr. Fortune Hunter—I love you my darling, for all you are worth!

THE ROLL-CALL OF THE REEF

A STORY OF THE SEA.

"Yes, sir," said my host the fisherman reaching down the relics from their hook in the wall over the chimney-piece; "they've hung hear all my time, and most of my father's. The women won't touch 'em, they're afraid of the story. So here they'll dangle, and gather dust and smoke, till another tenant come and tosses 'em out of doors for rubbish. Whew! 'tis coarse weather, surely."

He went to the door, opened it, and stood studying the gale that beat upon his cottage-front, straight from the Manacle Reef. The rain drove past him into the kitchen like threads of gold slanted in the shine of the wreck-wood fire. Meanwhile, by the same firelight, I examined the relics on my knee. The metal of each was tarnished out of all recognition. But the trumpet, and the threads of its parti-colored sling, though frayed and dusty, still hung together. Around the side-drum, beneath its cracked brown varnish, I could hardly trace a royal coat-of-arms and a legend running Per Mare, Per Terram—the motto of the Marines. Its parchment, though black and smelling pungently of wood-smoke, was limp and mildewed; and I began to tighten up the straps—under which the drumsticks had been loosely thrust—with the idle purpose of trying if some music might be got out of the old drum yet.

But as I turned it on my knee, I found the drum attached to the trumpet sling by a curious barrel-shaped padlock, and paused to examine this. The body of the lock was composed of half-a-dozen brass rings, set accurately edge to edge; and, rubbing the brass with my thumb, I saw that each of the six had a series of letters engraved around it.

I knew the trick of it, I thought. Here was one of those word padlocks, once so common; only to be opened by getting the rings to spell a certain word, which the dealer confides to you. I was mistaken.

My host shut and barred the door, and came back to the hearth.

"'Twas just such a wind—east by south—that brought in what you've got between your hands. Back in the year 'nine, it was; my father has told me the tale a score o' times. You're twisting round the rings, I see. But you'll never guess the word. Parson Kendall, he made the word, and locked down a couple of ghosts in their graves with it; and when his time came, he went to his own grave and took the word with him."

"Whose ghosts, Matthew?"

"You want the story, I see sir. My father could tell it better than I can. He was a young man in the year 'nine, unmarried at the time, and living in this very cottage just as I be. That's how he came to get mixed up with the tale."

He took a chair, lit a short pipe, and went on, with his eyes fixed on the dancing violet flames.

"Yes, he'd ha' been about thirty year old in January eighteen, 'nine. The storm got up in the night o' the twenty-first o' that month. My father was dressed and out long before daylight; he never was one to bide in bed, let be that the gale by this time was pretty near lifting the thatch over his head. Besides which, he'd fenced a small 'taty-patch that winter, down by Lowland Point, and he wanted to see if it stood the night's work. He took the path across Gunner's Meadow—where they buried most of the bodies afterwards. The wind was right in his teeth at the time, and once on the way (he'd told me this often) a great strip of ore-weed came flying through the darkness and fetched him a slap on the cheek like a cold hand. But he made shift pretty well till he got to Lowland, and then had to drop upon hands and knees and crawl, digging his fingers every now and then into the shingle to hold on, for he declared to me that the stones, some of them as big as a man's head, kept rolling and driving past till it seemed the whole foreshore was moving westward under him. The fence was gone, of course; not a stick left to show where it stood, so that, when first he came to the place, he thought he must have missed his bearings. My father, sir, was a very religious man; and if he reckoned the end of the world was at hand—there in the great wind and night, among the moving stones—you may believe he was certain of it when he heard a gun, first and last, with the same, saw a flame shoot up out of the darkness to windward, making a sudden fierce light in all the place about. All he could find to think or say was, 'The Second Coming—The Second Coming! The Bridegroom cometh, and the wicked He will toss like a ball into a far land!' and being already upon his knees, he just bowed his head and bided, saying this over and over.

"But by'm-by, between two squalls, he made bold to lift his head and look, and then by the light—a bluish color 'twas—he saw all the coast clear away to Manacle Point, and off it the Manacles, in the thick of the weather, a sloop-of-war with top-gallants housed, driving stern foremost towards the reef. It was she, of course, that was burning the flare. My father could see the white streak and the ports of her quite plain as she rose to it, a little outside the breakers, and he guessed easy enough that her captain had just managed to wear ship, and was trying to force her nose to the sea with the help of her small bower anchor, and the scrap or two of small canvas that hadn't yet been blown out of her. But while he looked, she fell off, giving her broadside to it foot by foot, and drifting back on the breakers around Carn du and the Varses. The rock lie so thick thereabouts, that 'twas a toss-up which she struck first; at any rate, my father couldn't tell at the time, for just then the flame died down and went out.

"Well, sir, he turned then into the dark and started back for Coverack to cry the dismal tidings—though well knowing ship and crew to be past any hope; and as he turned, the wind lifted him and tossed him forward 'like a ball,' as he'd been sayings and homeward along the foreshore. As you know, 'tis ugly work, even by daylight, picking your way among the stones there, and my father was prettily knocked about at first in the dark. But by this 'twas nearer seven than six o'clock, and the day spreading. By the time he reached North Corner, a man could see to read print; howsever he looked neith-out to sea nor towards Coverack, but headed straight for the first cottage—the same that stands above North Corner to-day. A man named Billy Ede lived there then, and when my father burst into the kitchen bawling, 'Wreck! wreck!' he saw Billy Ede's wife standing there in her clogs, with a shawl over her head, and her clothes wringing wet.

"'Save the chap!' says Billy Ede's wife, Ann. 'What d'ee mean by crying stale fish at that rate?'

"'But 'tis a wreck, I tell 'ee. I've a-zeed's!'

"'Why, so 'tis,' says she, 'and I've a-zeed'n, too; and so has everyone with an eye in his head.'

"And with that she pointed straight over my father's shoulder, and he turned; and there, close under Dolor Point, at the end of Coverack town, he saw another wreck, washing, and the point black with people, like emmets, running to and fro in the morning light. While he stood staring at her, he heard a trumpet sounded on board, the notes coming in little jerks, like a bir! rising against the wind; but faintly, of course, because of the distance and the gale blowing—though this had dropped a little.

"'She's a transport,' said Billy Ede's wife, Ann, 'and full of horse soldiers, fine long men. When she struck they must ha' pitched the hosses over first to lighten the ship, for a score of dead hosses had washed in afore I left, half-an-hour back. An' three or four soldiers, too—fine long corpses in white breeches and jackets of blue and gold. I held the lantern to one. Such a straight young man.'

"My father asked her about the trumpeting.

"'That's the queerest bit of all. She was burnin' a light when me an' my man joined the crowd down there. All her masts had gone; whether they carried away, or were cut away to ease her, I don't rightly know. Anyway, there she lay 'pon the rocks with her decks bare. Her keelson was broke under her and her bottom stove, and she had just settled down on her sagged timbers like a setting hen, just the leastest list of starboard; but a man could stand there easy. They had rigged up ropes across her, from bulwark to bulwark, an' beside these the men were mustered, holding on like grim death whenever the sea made a clean breach over them, an' standing up like heroes as soon as it passed. The captain an' the officers were clinging to the rail of the quarter-deck, all in their brave uniforms, waiting for the end as if 'twas King George they expected. There was no way to help, for she lay right beyond cast of line, though our folk tried it fifty times —and beside them clung a trumpeter, a whacking big man, an' between the heavy seas he would lift his trumpet with one hand, and blow a call; and every time he blew, the men gave a cheer. There—hark 'ee now—there he goes agen! But you won't hear no cheering any more, for few are left to cheer, and their voices weak. Bitter cold the wind is, and I reckon it numbs their grip o' the ropes, for they were dropping off fast with every sea when my man sent me home to get his breakfast. Another wreck, you say? Well, there's no hope for the poor dears, if 'tis the Manacles. You'd better run down and help yonder; though 'tis little help any man can give. Not one came in alive while I was there. The tide's flowing and she won't hold together another hour, they say.'

"Well, sure enough, the end was coming fast when my father got down to the point. Six men had been cast up alive, or just breathing—a seaman and five troopers. The seaman was the only one that had breath to speak; and while they were carrying him to the town, the word went round that the ship's name was the 'Despatch,' transport, homeward bound from Corunna, with a detachment of the Seventh Hussars, that had been fighting out there with Sir John Moore.

"The sea had rolled her further over by this time, and given her decks a pretty sharp slope; but a dozen men still held on, seven by the ropes near the ship's waist, a couple near the break of the poop, and three on the quarter-deck. Of these three my father made out one to be the skipper; close by him clung an officer in full regimentals—his name, they heard after, was Captain Duncanfield; and last came the tall trumpeter; and, if you'll believe me, the fellow was making shift there, at the very last, to blow 'God save the King.' What's more, he got to 'Send us victorious,' before an extra big sea came bursting across and washed them off the deck—every man but one of the pair beneath the poop—and he dropped his hold before the next wave, being stunned, I reckon. The others went out of sight at once, but the trumpeter—being, as I said, a powerful man, and a rough tough swimmer—rose like a duck, rode out a couple of breakers, and came in on the crest of the third. The folks looked to see him broke like an egg at their very feet; but when the smoke cleared there he was, lying lace downward, on a ledge below, and one of the men that happened to have a rope round him—I forget the fellow's name, if I ever heard it—jumped down and grabbed him by the ankle as he began to slip back. Before the next big sea, the pair were hauled high enough to be out of harm, and another heave brought them up to grass. Quick work, but master trumpeter wasn't quite dead; nothing worse than a cracked head and three staved ribs. In twenty minutes or so they had him in bed, with the doctor to tend him.

"Now was the nine-nothing being left alive upon transport—for my father to tell of the sloop he'd seen driving upon the Manacles. And when he got a hearing, though the most were set upon salvage, and believed a wreck in the hand, so to say, to be worth half-a-dozen the couldn't, the night in the thick of the weather, a sloop-of-war with top-gallants housed, driving stern foremost towards the reef. It was she, of course, that was burning the flare. My father could see the white streak and the ports of her quite plain as she rose to it, a little outside the breakers, and he guessed easy enough that her captain had just managed to wear ship, and was trying to force her nose to the sea with the help of her small bower anchor, and the scrap or two of small canvas that hadn't yet been blown out of her. But while he looked, she fell off, giving her broadside to it foot by foot, and drifting back on the breakers around Carn du and the Varses. The rock lie so thick thereabouts, that 'twas a toss-up which she struck first; at any rate, my father couldn't tell at the time, for just then the flame died down and went out.

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"And with that she pointed straight over my father's shoulder, and he turned; and there, close under Dolor Point, at the end of Coverack town, he saw another wreck, washing, and the point black with people, like emmets, running to and fro in the morning light. While he stood staring at her, he heard a trumpet sounded on board, the notes coming in little jerks, like a bir! rising against the wind; but faintly, of course, because of the distance and the gale blowing—though this had dropped a little.

"'She's a transport,' said Billy Ede's wife, Ann, 'and full of horse soldiers, fine long men. When she struck they must ha' pitched the hosses over first to lighten the ship, for a score of dead hosses had washed in afore I left, half-an-hour back. An' three or four soldiers, too—fine long corpses in white breeches and jackets of blue and gold. I held the lantern to one. Such a straight young man.'

"My father asked her about the trumpeting.

"'That's the queerest bit of all. She was burnin' a light when me an' my man joined the crowd down there. All her masts had gone; whether they carried away, or were cut away to ease her, I don't rightly know. Anyway, there she lay 'pon the rocks with her decks bare. Her keelson was broke under her and her bottom stove, and she had just settled down on her sagged timbers like a setting hen, just the leastest list of starboard; but a man could stand there easy. They had rigged up ropes across her, from bulwark to bulwark, an' beside these the men were mustered, holding on like grim death whenever the sea made a clean breach over them, an' standing up like heroes as soon as it passed. The captain an' the officers were clinging to the rail of the quarter-deck, all in their brave uniforms, waiting for the end as if 'twas King George they expected. There was no way to help, for she lay right beyond cast of line, though our folk tried it fifty times —and beside them clung a trumpeter, a whacking big man, an' between the heavy seas he would lift his trumpet with one hand, and blow a call; and every time he blew, the men gave a cheer. There—hark 'ee now—there he goes agen! But you won't hear no cheering any more, for few are left to cheer, and their voices weak. Bitter cold the wind is, and I reckon it numbs their grip o' the ropes, for they were dropping off fast with every sea when my man sent me home to get his breakfast. Another wreck, you say? Well, there's no hope for the poor dears, if 'tis the Manacles. You'd better run down and help yonder; though 'tis little help any man can give. Not one came in alive while I was there. The tide's flowing and she won't hold together another hour, they say.'

"Well, sure enough, the end was coming fast when my father got down to the point. Six men had been cast up alive, or just breathing—a seaman and five troopers. The seaman was the only one that had breath to speak; and while they were carrying him to the town, the word went round that the ship's name was the 'Despatch,' transport, homeward bound from Corunna, with a detachment of the Seventh Hussars, that had been fighting out there with Sir John Moore.

"The sea had rolled her further over by this time, and given her decks a pretty sharp slope; but a dozen men still held on, seven by the ropes near the ship's waist, a couple near the break of the poop, and three on the quarter-deck. Of these three my father made out one to be the skipper; close by him clung an officer in full regimentals—his name, they heard after, was Captain Duncanfield; and last came the tall trumpeter; and, if you'll believe me, the fellow was making shift there, at the very last, to blow 'God save the King.' What's more, he got to 'Send us victorious,' before an extra big sea came bursting across and washed them off the deck—every man but one of the pair beneath the poop—and he dropped his hold before the next wave, being stunned, I reckon. The others went out of sight at once, but the trumpeter—being, as I said, a powerful man, and a rough tough swimmer—rose like a duck, rode out a couple of breakers, and came in on the crest of the third. The folks looked to see him broke like an egg at their very feet; but when the smoke cleared there he was, lying lace downward, on a ledge below, and one of the men that happened to have a rope round him—I forget the fellow's name, if I ever heard it—jumped down and grabbed him by the ankle as he began to slip back. Before the next big sea, the pair were hauled high enough to be out of harm, and another heave brought them up to grass. Quick work, but master trumpeter wasn't quite dead; nothing worse than a cracked head and three staved ribs. In twenty minutes or so they had him in bed, with the doctor to tend him.

"Now was the nine-nothing being left alive upon transport—for my father to tell of the sloop he'd seen driving upon the Manacles. And when he got a hearing, though the most were set upon salvage, and believed a wreck in the hand, so to say, to be worth half-a-dozen the couldn't, the night few volunteered to start off with him and have a look. They crossed Lowland Point; no ship to be seen on the Manacles nor anywhere upon the sea. One or two was for calling my father a liar. 'Wait till we come to Dean Point,' said he. Sure enough, on the outside of Dean Point they found the sloop's mainmast washing about with half-a-dozen men lashed to it, men in red jackets, every mother's son drowned and starving; and a little further on, just under the Dean, three or four bodies cast up on the shore, one of them a small drummer-boy, sidelocks and all; and, near by, part of a ship's gig, with 'H. M. S. Primrose' cut on the sternboard. From this point on, the shore was littered thick with wreckage and dead bodies—the most of them marines in uniform; and in Godrevy Cove, in particular, a heap of furniture from the captain's cabin, and amongst it a watertight box, not much damaged, and full of papers, by which, when it came to be examined, next day, the wreck was easily made out to be the 'Primrose,' of eighteen guns, outward bound from Portsmouth, with a fleet of transports for the Spanish war, thirty sail I've heard, but I've never heard what become of them. Being handled by merchant skippers, no doubt they rode out the gale, and reached the Tagus safe and sound. Not but what the captain of the 'Primrose' (Mein was his name) did quite right to try and club-haul his vessel when he found himself under the land; only he never ought to have got there, if he took proper soundings. But it's easy talking.

"The 'Primrose,' sir, was a handsome vessel—for her size, one of the handsomest in the King's service—and newly fitted out at Plymouth Dock. So the boys had brave pickings from her in the way of brass-work, ship's instruments, and the like, let alone some barrels of stores not much spoiled. They loaded themselves with as much as they could carry, and started for home, meaning to make a second journey before the preventive men got wind of their doings, and came to spoil the fun. But as my father was passing back under the Dean, he happened to take a look over his shoulder at the bodies there. 'Hullo!' says he, and dropped his gear, 'I do believe there's a leg moving!' and running fore, he stooped over the small drummer-boy that I told you about. The poor little chap was lying there, with his face a mass of bruises, and his eyes closed: but he had shifted one leg an inch or two, and was still breathing. So my father pulled out a knife, and cut him free from his drum—that was lashed on to him with a double turn of Manilla rope—and took him up and carried him along here, to this very room that we're sitting in. He lost a good deal by this; for when he went back to fetch the bundle he'd dropped, the preventive men had got hold of it, and were thick as thieves along the foreshore; so that 'twas only by paying one or two to look the other way that he picked up anything worth carrying off: which you'll allow to be hard, seeing that he was the first man to give news of the wreck.

"Well, the inquiry was held, of course, and my father gave evidence, and for the rest they had to trust to the sloop's papers, for not a soul was saved besides the drummer-boy, and he was raving in a fever, brought on by the cold and fright. And the seamen and the five troopers gave evidence about the loss of the 'Despatch.' The tall trumpeter, too, whose ribs were healing, came forward and kissed the book; but somehow his head had been hurt in coming ashore, and he talked foolish-like, and 'twas easy seen he would never be a proper man again. The others were taken up to Plymouth, and so went their ways; but the trumpeter stayed on in Coverack; and King George, finding he was fit for nothing, sent him down a trifle of a pension after a while—enough to keep him in board and lodging, with a bit of tobacco over.

"Now the first time that this man —William Tallifer he called himself— met with the drummer-boy, was about a fortnight after the little chap had recovered enough to be allowed a short walk out of doors, which he took, if you please, in full regimentals. There never was a soldier so proud of his dress. His own suit had shrunk a brave bit with the salt water; but into ordinary frock and corduroys he declared he would not get, not if he had to go naked the rest of his life; so my father, being a good-natured man, and handy with the needle, turned to and repaired damages with a piece or two of scarlet cloth cut from the jacket of one of the drowned marines. Well, the poor little chap chanced to be standing, in this rig out, down by the gate of Gunner's Meadow, where they had buried two score and over of his comrades. The morning was a fine one, early in March month; and along came the cracked trumpeter, likewise taking a stroll.

"'Hullo!' says he; 'good mornin'! And what might you be doin' here?'

"'I was a-wishin',' says the boy, 'I had a pair o' drum-sticks. Our lads were buried yonder without so much as a drum tapped or a musket fired; and that's not Christian burial for British soldiers.'

"'Phut!' says the trumpeter, and spat on the ground; 'a parcel of marines!'

"The boy eyed him a second or so, and answered up, 'If I'd a tab of turf handy, I'd bung it at your mouth, you greasy cavalryman, and learn you to speak respectful of your betters. The marines are the handiest body o' men in the service.'

"The trumpeter looked down on him from the height of six-foot two, and asked:

"'Did they die well?'

"'They died very well."

(Concluded next week.)

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Sure there is none but fears a future state; and when the most obdurate swear they do not their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues.—Stern.

The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear, and with good reason, that passion alone in the trouble of it exceeding all other accidents.—Montaigne.

My pen is at the bottom of a page which being finished here my story ends; 'tis to be wished it had been sooner done, but stories somehow lengthen when begun.—Byron.

In all ordinary cases we see intuitively at first view what is our duty, what is the honest part. In these cases doubt and deliberation is of itself dishonesty.—Bishop Butler.

There can be no friendship without virtue, for that intimacy, which amongst good men is called friendship, becomes faction when it subsists among the unprincipled.—Sallust.

Were it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlesticks of lights, than to go about with a rushlight into every dark corner.—Bacon.

Sour discontent that quarrels with our fate may give fresh smart, but not the old abate; the uneasy passion's disingenuous fit, the ill reveals but hides the benefit.—Blackmore.

Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.—Lord Clarendon.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love; pleasure bestowed upon a greatful mind was never sterile.—Basil.

TRAVELLING OUTFITS.

Trunk Dealer—I see. Want something for a six months' tour abroad. Well, madame, in the adjoining building I have a trunk which I'm sure you will like. Can't get it into the store-room; double door is too narrow. I thought of remodeling it and using it for a sea-shore cottage, but if it will suit you I will let you have it cheap.

Dame—I'm not the one who is going abroad; it's my husband.

Oh! George, show the lady one of those vest-pocket hand-satchels.

DIDN'T SUIT.

Mother—Well, did you get that situation as office boy?

Little Son—Nope.

What was the matter!

Don't know. The gent is a lawyer, and he asked me if I was a good whistler, and I told him I was the best whistler on our street, and he said I wouldn't do. Guess he must want a reg'lar professional

THE HOME.

IN CASE OF COMPANY.

We often read articles headed "An emergency shelf," or something similar thereto, the sum and substance of which consist in an argument in favor of having some special place well supplied with all sorts of home remedies, lints, bandages and whatever may be needed in case of accident or sudden sickness. No one for an instant will doubt the wisdom of having just such a shelf as that, and after a fair trial no housekeeper will question the good policy of having something very similar in the store-room, that may well be called the "company-shelf." Whether this be a shelf, corner or cupboard, let it be supplied with things to make the getting of meals for unexpected company a task that shall not involve so much work as to take the time that one needs to visit with their guest.

No doubt you all have your shelves supplied with fruits and pickles, put up in every possible way, and probably there is pie, cake and cookies; but do you always have meat, cheese, or various other things that help to get a meal quickly? I am talking now to those who live far from the store, and not to the ones who can step into a store or meat market and get what they want at any time.

Let me tell of some of the canned goods that can be kept on hand without trouble. They come in stone, glass or tin, and are all hermetically sealed and will keep for a long time in perfect condition. For soups, there are any number of kinds that only require to be heated thoroughly to be ready to serve. Anything finer than some of the canned meats it would be hard to find. There are some kinds that meet the requirements of a meat course at dinner with a very few minutes' cooking. Then there is the class known as "deviled" meats. Among them we can get ham, tongue, or chicken, and they may be used in many ways. They make the filling for the daintiest of sandwiches, fine salads, or may be used as simple cold meats.

Vegetables a farmer is apt to have in abundance, and yet there may come a time when a can of baked beans that could be prepared for the table in various ways with but a few minutes' warning would be a great help. Besides the plain pork and beans, they can be had put up in tomato sauce for something a little more fancy. Various salad dressings, puddings, icings, all ready to spread on a cake; the delicious cheese that come in glass cans, and many other dainties may be kept on this shelf.

If the grocers in small towns do not have these things, then study the advertisements in the leading papers till you find a list of what you may need or want. Send this to some city firm and they will send you a case of assorted goods. When one begins to watch for them, they are continually finding new things, and will soon wonder how they ever got along without this class of goods.

Do not for an instant think of buying the cheaper goods, for it is worse than poor policy; it is reckless extravagance. Some people will buy can of salmon at fifteen cents and fancy it cheaper than one at twenty cents. The twenty-cent can has solid meat from the centre cuts of the fish. It had almost nothing of bone, skin or oil, while the cheaper can had plenty of all three, to be wasted, and after it was ready to use it was a ragged mess at the best.

I know that many people have a prejudice against this class of goods, but these same people will go into a dining-car on one of our fine trains, pay a big price for their meals, and declare these things the finest they ever tasted." They are perfectly right, too, but would they say as much if they knew how largely the table was supplied from this class of goods? It is perfectly safe to put these things before a guest and expect to be complimented on your fine cooking, for the firms that manufacture them make a study of the work and bring it to a perfection that no ordinary cook can hope to equal. When any of these things bring a compliment to me I tell the truth, or keep still, according to what I know about my guest; but in any case I enjoy their visit better than if I had spent nearly all my time cooking.

THE LITTLE CANARY.

Everyone who owns one of these sweet singers loves it, there can be no doubt, but not everyone knows how to properly care for it. Keeping the little thing in an immaculately clean cage is not the only requisite. Many persons think their duty is done if birdie is given clean water and seeds once a day. The greatest trouble is found with the cage. Often the poor little things are put into cages so small that it is with the greatest difficulty they hop from one pole to another.

In buying cages, large, comfortable ones of wire should always be secured. A piece of clean paper should be placed on the cage floor every day, and if sawdust can be secured to sprinkle on it, it is much better than sand, as that cuts the bird's feet. Very fine gravel should be kept in a dish in one corner and the bird will help himself when he wishes it. This gravel is an absolute necessity for the preservation of the bird's health, as it takes the place of teeth.

Pure, clean water should be provided every morning. The seed given the bird should not be bought already mixed, for it is usually of an inferior quality. Good Spanish canary seed should be procured. The bird will not eat much of the poorer seed, and as a consequence it is wasted. It has been stated that lettuce and watercress are not good for a bird, but many people give it occasionally with no harmful results. Birdie enjoys a piece of apple, or a dry bread crust or a piece of loaf sugar. Plantain, or rat tail as some call it, can always be secured in the summer time, and he is very fond of it. Always keep a piece of cuttle bone tied inside the cage, where he can reach it easily.

The bird should receive its bath every morning. The bottom of the cage can be taken away and the cage placed over a saucer of clean water. The room should not be cold and no one should stand near him, for then he will not perform his duty. If he has the true bird instinct he will splash away to his heart's content for a few minutes. Care must be taken that he is not placed in a draught immediately afterward or a cold may be the result

Many people have found active birds very troublesome because they scatter the seeds and are otherwise untidy. If a yard of tarlatan, either white or pale green, can be procured, a curtain or covering can be made. This material is very wide and costs but 10 cents per yard. Two widths (one-half yard long) of the material shirred around the cage, midway between its roof and floor, and drawn tightly together under the bottom of the cage and finished with a bow of ribbon, makes a pretty as well as useful addition to the cage. Very thin material must necessarily be used for this, as the bird dislikes to be shut up, and will not sing if placed in the dark.

Care should be taken that the bird is not hung in the window where the hot, strong sunlight pours in all day. Of course he enjoys light as much as any other animal, but when he is closed up in a cage he cannot exercise his own will, and the poor little thing must sit there no matter how uncomfortable he may be. In the summer time the little fellow enjoys being hung outside during the day. But then he must be placed out of reach of cats and dogs.

A sweet singer is a delight, and the care it requires is not begrudged when the reward is a song. The sweetest singers are those which have been taught by woodlarks. Many other kinds of birds are used as teachers of canaries, but these are considered best. Unless one has an intense love for birds, the poor things which do not sing are apt to be neglected. It is well to keep no birds if the best of care cannot be given them, for too much cannot be done in compensation for the free, glad life from which they were taken

IS NOT "LIFE SIZE."

This cunning little picture, whose graceful outlines give an idea of the lovely thing which they represent, is



a miniature copy of a doily seven inches square. The design is to be worked solidly in two or three shades of yellow green. The doily is to be fringed, as the illustration indicates. The wavy straggling petals of the blossoms, which are conventional, bear some resemblance to the cardinal flower.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Nut Cake.—Beat a quarter of a cup of butter to cream. Add gradually one cup of sugar. Then add the yolks of three eggs and a half cup of milk. Stir this in and add one and a half cups of pastry flour. Beat and add the well-beaten whites of eggs. Add a teaspoonful of baking powder and beat until smooth. Pour this into a shallow, greased pan. Sprinkle over the top quickly a half cup of chopped almonds, dust with powdered sugar and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes. When the cake is cold cut into squares.

Jelly Roll.—Separate three eggs, beat the yolks and add gradually one cup of powdered sugar, then stir in carefully the well-beaten whites of eggs, and sift in lightly one cup of pastry flour, mixing gently. Put a pinch of soda in a tablespoon and fill the spoon with vinegar. Add this to the cake and bake in a shallow pan lined with paper. The batter must not be more than half an inch in thickness. When done turn out quickly, cover with jelly and roll.

Coffee Cake.—Add a cupful of sugar to a cupful of butter, creamed together, a teacupful of soda, one cupful of molasses, the yolks of four eggs, one cupful of coffee, and five cupfuls of flour. Beat together until light and smooth. Chop one pound of raisins one pound of citron, and add to the batter, with one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice. Bake in a moderately quick oven for about forty minutes.

Orange Puff.—Put a half-pint of water into a saucepan with two ounces of butter. When melted, stir in one cup or half a pint of flour. Cook until it forms a loaf. Take from the fire, and when slightly cooled stir in the yolks of four eggs, the grated rind of an orange, four tablespoonfuls of orange juice, and then the well beaten whites. Put this mixture into greased custard cups and bake in a moderately quick oven about thirty minutes. Serve with liquid sauce.

Hot Compotes of Apples.—Pare, core, and cut into slices three nice apples, put into a pan four tablespoonfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of water and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Add now a half cup of boiled rice and the apples. Cook slowly until the apples are tender, and serve.

CRIMINAL INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.

The Italian criminologist, Prof. Lombroso, declares that the criminal instinct exists in animals as well as human beings, and cites a number of instances in proof of his assertion. One is that of a horse which simulated paralysis in order to escape taking part in military manœuvres. Such feigning on the part of a man, Prof. Lombroso states, would invariably denote a strong criminal instinct. Laziness is another mark of the habitual criminal, and this trait, when it is found in certain ones of the industrious animals, like beaver, results in the latter being shot out from the colonies of those who work. Something almost similar has been noted among elephants, for when one of these animals grows vicious he is excluded from the herd and forced to live alone or else in company with others like himself, who have been cast out. Prof. Lombroso says that among horses especially, since their cranial conformation is well known, it is easy to distinguish by the shape of the head alone those which are naturally vicious.

A SARCASTIC JUDGE.

All I demand for my client, shouted the attorney, in the voice of a man who was paid for it, is justice.

I'm very sorry I can't accommodate you, replied the judge, but the law won't allow me to give him more than four years.

A FEAST FOR THE DOG.

Young Gushley—Fine dog that of yours, Mr. Morley. I presume you are intending him as a treat for Miss Helen?

Helen's father—No. I intend him for some of Miss Helen's callers. It's the dog's treat.

SPRING SMILES.

Mr. Boodles—"You began life as a barefooted boy, I understand?" New clerk—"Yes, sir! I was born without shoes."

Drug clerk—"How will you have your soda—hot or cold?" Customer—"Guess I'll have it hot; haven't time to wait for it to get cold."

Louise—"How do you come on with that leap year proposal?" Emma—"I don't know yet. Harry is still examining my letters of recommendation."

Bert—"I can't think of marriage just yet; you know I'm not rich." Angeline—"What difference does that make?" Bert—"None, providing you are."

"Thou hast a pretty wit," quoth the monarch. "Aye, and a dry humor," replied the jester. Whereupon the king pushed the button.

"It is sad," said one girl, "that so many men nowadays have a great deal more money than brains." "Yes," sighed another; "and so little money at that."

"My good fellow," said the dude to the hatter, "how's trade?" "There's really nothing in hats now-a-days," replied the hatter, trying one on the head of the dude.

Belle—"You know Jack Giddiboy, of course; don't you think he is just out of sight?" Sadie—"Indeed he is! a very personification of the old saying, 'out of sight out of mind.'"

Hoax—"Timley went to Alaska prospecting for gold, and found lead instead." Joax—"Ah! in large quantities, I suppose, and valuable." Hoax—"No; in small quantities, and fatal."

Spratts—"Miss Elder is much older than I thought." Hunker—"Impossible!" Spratt—"Well, I asked her if she had read Esop's Fables, and she said she read them when they first came out."

"I understand your daughter has given up bicycle riding." "Yes. She sold her wheel as soon as she found out she couldn't wear high-heeled shoes on it with any degree of success."

Mamma—"What do you mean by taking that piece of cake? When you asked for it didn't I say no?" Tommy—"You did; but last night I heard papa say that when a woman says no she always means yes."

Dolly—"I hear Mary Antique was a great belle at the dance the other evening. She told me she danced every dance." Polly—"Oh, yes. Mary's just the kind of a girl to be a belle at a 1 ap-year dance."

She—"Oh, yes; I know that you think that woman is a silly creature whose head can be turned by mere finery." He—"It is sure to be turned if some other woman passes with the mere finery on."

Mrs. Green—"Of course you read all your husband's stories?" Mrs. White (wife of the popular author)—"Oh, dear, no! they are nothing to the stories he sometimes tells me after he has been out of an evening."

The shy young man and timid maid
In silence wait from week to week,
Each wondering, modestly afraid
Whose place it really is to speak.

Miss Bellefield—"How on earth did you come to get engaged to Willie Van Braam?" Miss Point Breeze—"Well, you see, just at the time he proposed I didn't happen to be engaged to any one."

Office boy—"There is a man outside who wishes to see you." Business man—"Didn't I give orders that I was not to be disturbed?" Office boy—"Yes, sir; but this is a very mild looking man. I don't think he would create a disturbance."

Mrs. Townsend—"Does your husband spend much of his time at home?" Mrs. Peabody—"No; he hasn't been able to, the past, but I expect that he will have a great deal of leisure after this. He has just been appointed to a public office."

"My boy," said the passenger with the fur-lined coat and the smooth-shaven, square face, "it was the success of the season. There wasn't standing room." The conductor smiled a sour smile. "Zif I didn't have the same experience every day," said he to the motorman.

"I want to marry your daughter," said young Sprocket, the bicycle scorcher. "Can't you give us a start in life?" "Certainly," replied the old man, opening the front door; "I believe you've tried the flying start before."

Bellefield—"A cynical writer remarks that a wedding always brings happiness to two, the florist and the clergyman." Bloomfield—"He forgets the father of the bride, especially if the poor man has half a dozen other daughters on his hands."

"The natural history class will now write down the names of twelve Arctic animals," said the teacher in monotonous tones. Little Johnnie dashed off the following and handed his slate proudly to the teacher: "Six seals, 5 polar bears and 1 walrus."

Maud—"I hear proposing parties are all the style this winter. The girls do the proposing and the one who proposes the best gets the prize. Have you been to any?" Ethel—"No; but I had a proposing party come to me the other evening. How do you like my ring?"

ECONOMICAL ENGINEERING.

The truly gifted engineer always makes one part of his work fit into another, and no energy is ever wasted. A wealthy engineer who had set up a very fine place in the country, where he had carried out many pet constructive projects, was visited there by an old friend.

The visitor had so much difficulty in pushing open his front gate that he spoke about it to the proprietor.

"You ought to fix that gate," said the guest." "A man who has everything just so' should not have a gate that is hard to open."

"Ha!" exclaimed the engineer, "you don't understand my economy. That gate communicates with the waterworks of the house, and every person who comes through it pumps up four gallons of water!"

NOTED AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPTS.

The methods of authors vary with their individualities. Order prevails with some—others revel in disorder. George Sand could only write on nicely ruled note paper, Miss Braddon scribbles her tales on torn envelopes or any scraps of paper that are at hand, Charles Dickens' manuscript covered every inch of paper. Mark Twain will take a folio sheet of cardboard to write a tenline joke on. Charles Reade and Victor Hugo wrote on immense sheets of paper, with coarse quill and reed pens. William Black and R. D. Blackmore cover dainty sheets of note paper with microscopical handwriting. The late Wilkie Collins wrote on large sheets of paper, and corrected, interlineated and pasted in a great deal.

CHINESE TELEGRAPHY.

Numerals Are Flashed Over the Wire and Then Translated by a Code.

According to the "Statesman's Year Book," all the principal cities of China are now connected with one another and with Pekin, the capital, by telegraph. Recent visitors to China say, however, that telegraphing there is a laborious and expensive process, and that the lines are a charge upon the State treasury instead of a source of revenue.

The despatches are, of course, sent in Chinese, for not one in many thousands of the natives knows any language except his own. But the Chinese have no alphabet. Their literary characters, partly ideographic, partly phonetic, number many thousands. It is simply impossible to invent telegraphic signals that would cover the written language. Here was an obstacle in the way of using the telegraph at all.

The difficulty was obviated by inventing a telegraphic signal for each of the cardinal numbers or figures might be telegraphed to an extent. Then a code dictionary was prepared, in which each number from 1 up to several thousands stood for a particular Chinese letter or ideograph. It is, in fact, a cipher system. The sender of the message need not bother himself about its meaning. He may telegraph all day without the slightest idea of the information he is sending, for he transmits only numerals.

It is very different with his friend, the receiver. He has the code dictionary at his elbow, and after each message is received he must translate it, writing each literary character in place of the numeral that stands for it. Only about an eighth of the words in the written language appear in the code, but there are enough of them for all practical purposes.

But the Chinese system has its great disadvantages. Men of ordinary education have not sufficient acquaintance with the written language to be competent telegraph receivers, and the literati are not seeking employment in telegraph offices any more than our college professors are. So the Government recruits its employees with much difficulty. Besides, the patrons of the telegraph are comparatively few in number. There are almost no Chinese who have business relations all over the country, as is the case with many thousands of our business men. The public is not invited to buy stock in the Chinese telegraph lines, and if it was, nobody at present would buy with a view to dividends. The receipts do not equal the expenses, and the Government makes up the deficit.

There is another great disadvantage of the Chinese telegraph system. All over the world the movements of railroad trains are regulated by telegraph. The orders received by the station agent are filed in plain view of the employees, and if need be the switchman may take temporary charge and carry out the instructions from the central office. Railroads have been introduced into China to a very small extent, and there is talk of greatly extending the service. But how about running the trains?

A writer in Le Mouvement Colonial of Paris says that if railroads are introduced to any extent in China the personnel must be exclusively European and American, or recruited from the literary class. He says the Chinese Government will not take foreigners into its service, and that the educated men of China, who alone among the people have sufficient knowledge of the written language to be intrusted with the actual running of trains, would refuse most emphatically to be either train hands or station agents.

This is one of the many small stumbling blocks in the way of China's progress, but it is quite effective in its way.

ONE KIND.

Some folks seems ter 'magine, said Uncle Eben, dat economy consists in goin' wifout de necessities er life, so's ter hab money ter squander on the de luxuries.

REAL WEATHER NOMENCLATURE.

How is the weather out? asked Mrs. Wickwire.

Very pugilistic, replied Mr. Wickwire.

Very how?

Windy and threatening.



Nervous Prostration

It is now a well established fact in medical science that nervousness is due to impure blood. Therefore the true way to cure nervousness is by purifying and enriching the blood. The great blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this letter:

"For the last two years I have been a great sufferer with nervous prostration and palpitation of the heart. I was weak in my limbs and had smothered sensations. At last my physician advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla which I did, and I am happy to say that I am now strong and well. I am still using Hood's Sarsaparilla and would not be without it. I recommend it to all who are suffering with nervous prostration and palpitation of the heart." Mrs. DALTON, 56 Alice St., Toronto, Ontario. Get Hood's, because

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Prominently in the public eye today. It is not what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story.

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HAVE YOU TASTED

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CEYLON TEA.

IT IS DELICIOUS. Sold Only In Lead Packets

A TYPO'S RELEASE

From the Awful Sufferings of Rheumatism.

The Case of E. P. Robbins of Welland—A Sufferer for Seventeen Years—His Case Resisted the Treatment of the Best Hospitals and He Had Become a Physical Wreck—His Wonderful Release.

From the Welland Telegraph.

The world to-day is both commercially and scientifically inclined towards system, and news like everything else is gathered systematically. Every newspaper has its staff of reporters to observe and collect the news of its particular locality or district. For some time past a reporter of the Welland Telegraph has been watching the development of a treatment for a serious cause of rheumatism on one of the employees of that institution. About eighteen years ago, Mr. E. P. Robbins, while at work in the Telegraph printing office, was suddenly seized with sharp pains all over the body, accompanied by extreme swellings. He reached home, but a short distance from the office, with difficulty, and on the doctor being called he pronounced it inflammatory rheumatism. For seven weeks he lay in bed under the care of the best physician, and at the end of that time he was again able to resume his duties. During the next few years he was subject to frequent slight attacks, and finally thought a change of location might be beneficial. With this idea Mr. Robbins visited the different American cities, sometimes in good health and again unable to get out of bed, until in 1888 he finally settled in New York. Here, for about two years, he followed his occupation with comparatively little sickness, he suffered a severe attack which left him until a few months ago, a martyr to that kaleidoscopic disease. Mr. Robbins recovered somewhat after weeks of idleness and went back to the types, but again and again he was laid up, working only about six days a month. Gradually he grew worse, and almost discouraged entered the Sisters hospital. After spending many weary months within its walls he was discharged with the awful verdict "incurable." More from a sense of duty than with hope he tried other hospitals in the city, but with the same result, and resigned to his fate, he left for the old home, where he arrived in February, 1893, a crippled resemblance of his former self, and was passed unrecognized by his former friends. Here in the house of his father, James W. Robbins, he was bed-ridden until the summer, and then during the warm days was able to walk about with the aid of a spiked cane for a few minutes at a time. When the cold weather approached, however, he was again confined to the house. Pink Pills were frequently recommended to Mr. Robbins, and in December last he started to take them. The first box was unnoticeable but the second produced a slight change for the better. More were then taken and the improvement was daily hailed with joy by his friends. The rheumatism slowly but surely left and has not since returned. In March last Mr. Robbins was once more at work and has not lost a day since; the cane has long since been discarded and "Ed" is one of the happiest, jolliest employees in the office. Mr. Robbins is well known in the county and indeed throughout the whole district, and although, as he says, he has not got the strength of Hercules, yet Pink Pills have given him for a trifling cost the relief he spent hundreds of dollars in vain trying to secure. He considers the disease completely out of his system and can eat and sleep well, two essential points to good health. Mr. Robbins strongly recommends this wonderful medicine to other sufferers.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excess will find in Pink Pills a certain cure.

Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Four thousand homicides a year are committed in Italy. This is almost an average of one in every two hours.

WEST SHORE THROUGH SLEEPING CAR TO NEW YORK.

One of the handsomest sleeping cars that had ever been turned out of the factory is now running from Toronto to New York without change via the popular West shore route. It is a buffet car, and refreshments can be obtained en route, if desired. This car leaves Union Station, Toronto, every day except Sunday, at 4.55 p. m., reaching New York next morning at 10.10 a. m. On Sundays the sleeper runs from Hamilton only, connecting with the through train from Toronto. Call at any Grand Trunk office in Toronto for information or space in sleeping car. Reservations can be made in advance if desired.

Weather bureaus are now in existence in every civilized nation in the world, including China and Japan.

DOES ITS WORK IN SIX HOURS.

A Medicine That will Relieve Distressing Kidney and Bladder Disease in Six Hours Deserves Your Attention.

Those who suffer from Kidney troubles suffer acutely. Where some kinds of sickness can be borne with fortitude, it is no easy matter to exercise this virtue when one is suffering from kidney troubles. Hope may sustain a person when a medicine is being used that doctors say will eventually effect a cure. But who wants to continue an agonizing course of treatment when a medicine like South American Kidney Cure is within the reach of everyone and that is so speedy as well as certain in its effects? This new remedy has been thoroughly tested by learned physicians, and stands to-day ahead of any medicine used for this purpose. It does not pretend to cure anything else but it does cure kidney disease.

A Pretty Face

is the result of a healthy physical condition. "Beauty is but skin deep" yet it greatly depends on a clear complexion, free from wrinkles and hollow cheeks.

Health always brings wealth of beauty. A healthy state of the system comes with Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine prepared for woman's ailments—it cures those derangements and weaknesses which make woman's life miserable.

A woman who neglects to take proper exercise is particularly prone to excessive congestion, debility and a sluggish circulation. This is the time we advise the "Prescription." In all derangements and displacements of the special organs which result in "signs of inflammation," in catarrhal discharges from the lining membranes, and in distressing irregularities—this medicine effects perfect and permanent cures.

AN INSULT.

Genial customer (in cheap restaurant)—Is the mutton broth good to-day?

High-toned Waiter—Don't know, sah. I don't eat heah, sah.

Ryckman's Kootenay Cure

Positive Cure for Rheumatism and Paralysis.

A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

The Rector of Ottawa University sounds the praises of Kootenay Cure.

All who know the Very Rev. J.M. McGuckin, O.M.I., D.D., rector of the University of Ottawa, will give the greatest weight to the words of this learned gentleman. He has tried the Kootenay Cure and is glad to add his testimony to that of the many hundreds who have been benefitted by its use in the last few months. The Very Rev. Dr. McGuckin, writing from Ottawa under date of July, 30th, 1895, says that he suffered greatly from chronic and acute rheumatism, the result of several severe attacks of la grippe. He took two bottles of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, and was so greatly benefitted that he says it gives him great pleasure to recommend the medicine.

On 100 kilograms of cassimere imported in Cuba there is a duty, if the cloth is a Spanish product, of $15.47; if foreign, $300.

Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. Sample bottle and blower sent by S. G. Detchon, 44 Church street, Toronto, on receipt of 10 cents, silver or stamps.

What are my books? My friends, my loves, my church, my tavern, and my wealth, my garden, yea, my flowers, my bees, my doves, my only doctors—and my only health.—R. Le Gallienne.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A crystal river diaphanous because it travels slowly, soft is the music that would charm forever; the flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.—Wordsworth.

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or term of years, that magnificent hotel at St. Leon, elegantly furnished throughout. Most attractive summer resort in Canada. Source of the world-renowned St. Leon Water, so noted for its miraculous cure of disease. Accommodation for 300 guests; exquisite scenery; forty acres well laid-out grounds, shaded with balsams and pines; most desirable class of patrons; applicants last year exceeded accommodation. Stabling for about 40 horses, coaches, carriages, harness, saddles, etc., with first-class accommodation for same. Laundries, carpenter shop, boathouses, bowling alley, swings, lawn tennis, billiard, pool and bagatelle tables, hot water boilers, eight baths for hot or cold water, waterworks throughout the building. Everything necessary for a first-class summer resort on a large scale. For further particulars apply to St. Leon Mineral Water Company (Ltd). Toronto, Ont.

The instinct of brutes and insects can be the effect of nothing else than the wisdom and skill of a powerful, ever-living agent.—Newton.

BICYCLISTS AND WET WEATHER.

There has certainly been one article of real merit developed this season for cyclists' use. We refer to a preparation which will be on the market in a few days. By its use ordinary clothing can be made perfectly rainproof with very trifling expense and trouble. A representative called on us to-day, and we had the pleasure of examining a suit treated with this preparation. It is no doubt rainproof. Pour on all the water we liked, and it would not go through. "Rough on Rain" is the name of the preparation, and it is prepared by R. W. Hannah, 78 Colborne street.

"Have those people been married long?" "I think not; he takes naps on her best silk pillows."

Recipe—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract	one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast	half a cake
Sugar	two pounds
Lukewarm Water	two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

W. P. C. 809.

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Scott's Emulsion

Of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is a fat-food and more. It causes such changes in the system that the gain is permanent and improvement continues even after you cease taking it. Sound flesh; rich blood; strong nerves; good digestion; aren't these worth a thought?

50c. and $1.00 at all druggists.

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In quack medicines YOU DO BELIEVE that you are weak and ill.
DO YOU KNOW that you can easily regain health, strength and vigor?
COMPOUND
MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Miles' Sanative Wash
for sale by all Druggists at 75c and $1, imparts vitality and energy, and make the life of the "Mother Sex" worth living.
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WHEREVER ONE TURNS HE FINDS A STEARNS.
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LADIES' FRAME.

Have many important improvements, covered by patents and found in no other wheel. They are:—
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Absolutely True Bearings, Morse Roller Chain, requires no oil.
Cycloidal Sprockets, Pedals dust proof at both ends.
Interchangeable Sprockets, Reversible Handle.
Crank Bearings removed without disturbing adjustment or balls.
They are all fitted with Messinger Saddles, the most expensive and best saddle ever placed on the market. They are worth two of any wheel. They are geared to 80 and ride as easy as others at 63. Send 3-cent stamp for catalogue.
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Cleanliness and neatness about a house are necessary to insure comfort. Man likes comfort, and if he can't find it at home, he will seek elsewhere for it. Good housewives know that SAPOLIO makes a house clean and keeps it bright. Happiness always dwells in a comfortable home. Do you want cleanliness, comfort and happiness? Try SAPOLIO and you will be surprised at your success.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Consumption.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOCUM, CHEMICAL CO.'s Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.

Grayson Block, Main Street.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

E. G. WOODWARD,.....Editor and Proprietor.

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Our job department is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first class work at shortest notice. Prices moderate.

The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is writ, is writ.—
Would it were worthier!" —Byron.

FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1896.

SHOW THE COLORS.

THE TIMES has, up to the present issue, taken no side in the political campaign, but it has been our endeavor to present the truth as we found it, and most likely would not have particularly espoused the candidature of any one of the candidates if the three had remained in the contest, but after our last week's leader had gone into print we learned of Mr. Grant's withdrawal. Now, Mr. Grant having dropped out and Mr. McInnis having declared himself an independent follower of Mr. Laurier—casting aside his free and independent Patron principles—we deem it our plain duty to support the Liberal Conservative candidate.

The fight appears to us now to be marked out on the old party lines—Grit and Tory—as was the previous election. We had hoped that the Patrons, with Mr. McInnis as their standard bearer, would have stood firm by their principles; would have kept the planks of their platform firmly bolted together and on polling day have not only elected their man in Western Assiniboia, but also, in other parts of the Dominion, elected enough of independent members who would have power enough to stamp out corruption and insure clean politics from whichever government that might be in power; but what do we find? Just at the most critical moment the candidate in whom the Patrons had reposed their trust flops over to Mr. Laurier.

There are planks in the Patron platform with which we are in hearty accord, but has not Mr. Davin as an independent supporter of the Government expressed himself and acted along these lines? We had rather have Mr. Davin as an independent supporter of the Government—and a very independent man he is on matters concerning his constituency — than Mr. McInnis, an independent supporter of Mr. Laurier. What has Mr. Laurier's party done for the North-West? Have they not fought against everything advanced that would be of benefit to the West? Why should we expect any better treatment at Mr. Laurier's hands if he happened to hold the reins of government? No; we must judge him by his past record.

It has been pointed out that Mr. Davin should not get support because he voted for the second reading of the Remedial Bill. Granting that, there was no one in this district more bitter against that action than ourselves; but what do we find now? Mr. Laurier gets in a tight place and he admits that his main objection to the Bill was that it was not strong enough. Another reason, we might add, was because it was not Mr. Laurier's bill. Now, while we are as strongly as ever opposed to the Remedial Bill, after having got a solemn pledge from Mr. Davin that he will oppose the passage of the Bill, we choose the tried and seasoned timber rather than the raw and untried material.

OFFICIAL TIME CARDS WAGHORN'S GUIDE, 5c

CROP PROSPECTS.

The prospects of a bountiful harvest for the present year are, to say the least, highly encouraging, for notwithstanding the continued wet weather it is gratifying to observe the marvellous growth of what has been put in. Farmers have grown careful in this country. They have learned by experience that the best way to ensure a crop, take one season with another, is to not put any seed into the ground except with a drill, placing it down deep where there is moisture, then providing we do not get any rain the grain will not be held back for the want of it. This present year being and exceptionally wet one, the above precaution is unnecessary. In many cases our best farmers have been compelled to scatter their seed by hand and harrow it in, or else use a broad cast seeder owing to their being unable to use their drills. While in a dry year this plan would not prove a success we believe it will bring just as good a crop as the other plan; for it is the general opinion that the present will prove a repitition of the favorable seasons of 1882 and 1883.

Regarding the price likely to prevail for wheat it is of course very hard to tell, but from what can be learned we think it is likely to be above what it was last year. In many parts of the United States the fall wheat is a partial failure, and in the Argentine, one of our great competitors, there will be a greatly reduced export. So taking everything into consideration our farmers would, we think, do well to put in lots of wheat and a smaller quantity of oats, for it is doubtful if oats will bring over 10 cents per bushel next fall, if that much, so large has been the acreage cropped.

Mr. Laurier, the Liberal candidate for Saskatchewan, is expected to arrive at Prince Albert in a few days. His opponent (Conservative) will be Mr. McKay, a prominent barrister of the town, and who is known to be a strong man, being generally liked.

It is gratifying to observe that the foremost newspapers of Canada are coming around to THE TIMES' way of thinking in regard to the kernel of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's remarks delivered at the banquet given to him and Dr. Montague by the Canada club of London, Eng., in April last.

The whip is the parent of stubbornness. It is sure to be found somewhere in the pedigree of every balky horse. In training a young horse use your brains and not the whip. You cannot whip terror out of a young horse or whip brains into one. When he shies or takes fright, try to soothe him. More flesh can be whipped off a horse in a day than can be fed on in a week.—*Ex.*

There is a hot fight in progress in Alberta. A large and representative convention of Conservatives convened at Calgary a week ago and selected Mr. Stone for the standard bearer of the party; while Mr. Frank Oliver, editor of the Edmonton *Bulletin*, is carrying the Reform colors. From all accounts we judge that the contest will be close and that no big majority will be eithers boast on June 23rd.

Numerous ladies and gentlemen of our town deserve credit for the tasteful manner in which they have arranged their front yards, adding, as it does, greatly to the appearance of the town and giving a cheerful and prosperous look, which fails not to catch the eye of the stranger. We would suggest however, while touching on this subject, that a little more care and attention to the back yards would not be amiss or labor lost.

Bret Harte's new story and Jerome K. Jerome's latest piece have both been secured by *The Ladies Home Journal* for immediate publication. Jerome's story is called "Reginald Blake: Financier and Cad," and sketches an incident in fashionable London society. Bret Harte calls his story "The Indiscreation of Elsbeth," and pictures the romance of a young American who falls in love with a German princess, masquerading as a dairy maid.

The June number of *The Delineator* contains a choice representation of the reigning modes and materials, and in addition a special article on Wedding Attire and customs. Mrs. Witherspoon's Tea Table chat is this month especially interesting. Caralyn Halstod's entertaining description of the Society of Colonial Dames is accompanied by portraits of some of the officers of that order. The fourth paper by Mary Caldwalder Jones is fully as interesting as its predecessors. Mrs Charles Sprague Smith tells about illustrating as a profession for women, and Frances Leeds continues her exposition of household decoration by describing the doing over of a common place parlor into a blue and ivory boudoir. Especially attractive to women is the first of a series of talks on beauty, by Dr. F. J. Levieur, who treats of the care and treatment of the skin.

Address communications to The Delineator Publishing Co. of Toronto, Ltd., 33 Richmond St., West, Toronto, Ont., or the local agent for the Butterick patterns.

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: R. BOGUE :

Regina Race Meet.

Regina's big race meeting, which will be held June 18th and 19th, promises to be a great success. Forty entries have been received for the five races already closed. Horses have been entered from many points in Manitoba and the Territories, also from Oregon, Montana and Dakota. The Regina Turf Club was organized for the purpose of encouraging the breeding of horses in the Territories. Every year large stake races are given for the purpose of encouraging the horsemen, and it is mainly through this that some of the best bred horses in the world are brought into the Territories. Regina has two splendid race tracks—the half mile track at the exhibition grounds, and the Turf Club's lightning fast mile track, which holds all the records for Western Canada. The following is the programme. Entries close June 11, when horses must be named for all the races:

Thursday, June 18.—The merchant's stake, trot or pace, 3.00 class, seven entries, $250. The Regina Derby, ⅝ mile running, foals of 1894, twelve entries, $250. 2.37 class, trot or pace, open to Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, three heats, money divided every heat, $100. The sprinters' handicap, running, ½ mile, 2 in 3, seven entries, $300. The members' stake, ½ mile trot or pace, for foals of 1894, $250.

Friday, June 19.—The citizens' stake, 2.35 class, trot or pace, seven entries, $250. Running ponies, 14½ hands and under, weight for age and seven pounds allowance for every inch under 14½ hands, $100. The Queen's plate, running, 1¼ mile dash, seven entries, $250. The hotel stake, free for all, trot or pace, $200. Running ponies, 14½ hands and under, local race, $50.

English Village.

As Lung Wung seems to be asleep, and doesn't seem inclined to come to life again, I think it is about time some one took up his—or her—pen, and let the world know what is happening, and has happened, in the Valley.

In the first place, what is the matter with the clerk of the weather? Has he gone off on a spree and turned on the water tap, and forgotten all about it? Verily, there will be forty acres to the bushel this year!

Mr. Payser has purchased a separator from E. A. Baker & Co., and intends hauling his cream to town. His grain is up and looking better than any other on the north side of the Valley. This is not altogether curious when one comes to think of it, for he is the only farmer on the north side.

We hear that Mr. Nicolle has purchased a new buckboard. That's a great piece of news, isn't it? If he had bought a wagonette or a stage coach he would have been able to take all Davin's and McInnis's supporters to the polling booth in style. There is a great lack of such style in the Valley at present. But just wait until we have made our fortunes.

What has become of the Mapleford Lib.-Conservative Association? Here we are on the eve of a general election, and we have heard nothing of any meetings, nor have the committee rooms been opened.

Mr. Robin had the misfortune to dislocate his arm at the elbow last Wednesday. He was thrown from his horse. You should keep away from Stoney Beach, Robin, my boy.

While swimming his horse across the creek, last Sunday, our tame poet had the misfortune to slide gracefully into it, and had to swim ashore, much to the amusement of Mr. Tommy Payser and Mr. Lanyon. It is reported that if heaven had been on the other side of that creek he couldn't have got a bigger bump on. Console yourself, Harry old boy, there were no ladies present. Had there been your position would have been embarassing.

Mr. Harold Johnson, the rancher, who lives somewhere in the vicinity of the north pole, has got a new pupil just out from the old country. Now Harold, set to work and instil into the young mind the ways of the North-West, which are many and various.

I must not encroach on your valuable space, Mr. Editor, as the election is so near and you will have matters of more importance and general interest to publish. Some day in the near future I may take up my pen and scrawl again.

By-the-way, they say that there is nothing new under the sun. It is a lie, for Mr. Lanyon's old Tom—a-hem! I beg pardon, I mean Tabby—cat has presented him with five brand new kittens.

A. N. OTHER.

LOCAL MARKETS.

Current Prices for Staples on the Moose Jaw Market:

Wheat. No. 2	$ 40
Oats	20
Potatoes	40
Apples (green) per lb.	5
Onions, per lb.	5
Onions, per bushel	2 00
Cheese, per lb.	10
Bacon, "	10
Laid, "	12½
Butter, "	12½
Eggs, per doz	10

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CIGARS! Best Brands in the Market.

Ice Cream Parlors!

ALL KINDS OF SOFT DRINKS!

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range just to hand. We can suit you in Price, Color, Style and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Grape Jam and Jelly for fifteen cents per pound.

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Mrs. Joseph Nowick, of 68 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, writes: "Pyny-Pectoral has never failed to cure the most severe cough after several other remedies had failed. It has also cured myself of a long standing cough after my children of croup after a few doses. It is the best medicine I have ever known for coughs, colds or bronchitis."

H. O. Barnum, of Little Rocher, N.B., writes: "As a cure for coughs Pyny-Pectoral is the best medicine I have ever used. In fact it is the quickest cure of any I have ever known for coughs, croup or bronchitis."

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Mongolian—Allan Line.....June 6
Scotsman—Dominion Line.....May 30
Vancouver—Dominion Line.....June 6
Lake Superior—Beaver Line.....May 27
Lake Winnipeg—Beaver Line.....June 10

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St. Louis—American Line.....June 3
State of Nebraska—Allan State.....May 29
State of California—Allan State.....June 12
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Pastor—Rev. T. H. Bowering.

Services—Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School 2.30 p.m.; B. Y. P. U. Monday evening at 8 o'clock; Prayer meeting Thurs lay evening at 8 o'clock.

All are cordially invited.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Pastor—Rev. Mr. Campbell.

Services—Sunday 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Sunday School 2.30 p.m.; Monday, Y.P.S. C.E. at 8.00; Wednesday, Prayer Meeting, 8.00.

Everybody welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Pastor—Rev. T. Ferrier.

Weekly Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School 2.30 p.m.; E. L. of C. E. Monday evening at 8 p.m.; Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

The public are cordially invited. All seats free.

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. (ANGLICAN.)

Vicar—Rev. Wm. Watson.

Sunday Services: Holy Eucharist 8.30 and 11 alternately. Matins at 11. Sunday School and Adult Classes at 2.30. Evensong at 7. Special services Saturdays 7.30. Holy Baptism at any service.

All seats free and everybody invited and welcome.

ADDRESS.

To the Electors of Western Assiniboia:

GENTLEMEN, More than nine years have passed since you elected me your representative in the Parliament of the Dominion, where I have served you for ten sessions. You will remember it was in consequence of agitation in which I bore some part that we got representation in the Dominion Parliament. Prior to obtaining this I did from March 1883 the work of a representative. In March 1883 I started *The Leader*, which was a fearless and honest advocate of all those things which you then needed, and what with the paper and other action something was accomplished.

The usual ground of claim put forward by a Member of Parliament for renewed confidence is that he has been a diligent and unswerving supporter of the party he has been returned to up hold. I have been diligent rather in your service and again and again have differed from my party, and pressed the Government of the day, against its inclination, to do what was in your interest. As an illustration, taking the obtaining the second homestead and the pre emption as a second homestead. You will remember that there is merit in boldness and originality of idea, and that when a policy was set forth in 1885 in *The Leader* people said it could not be obtained. I have done all I could for all my constituents. I made no difference. I served the Liberal as well as the Conservative. Were you to withdraw your confidence from me and were you to get a man who could serve you better, it would be a source of rejoicing to me to be relieved from the thankless office of parliamentary representative with the loss and injury to private business it entails. But it does not yet appear that either of the other candidates gives any ground for the opinion that he could serve you better or as well. You must remember that political life is no exception to the rule that for high functions native ability is required, and that experience, practice, time and thought render the fit man more fit. No vanity and no stretching will make a man of five feet four, six feet high.

In an especial manner I have sought to serve the farmers of my constituency. My claims to their support are not grounded on saying I am a farmer, or a farmer's cousin, or putting hayseed on my hat, but in genuine services.

In 1887, early in the session, I moved for Responsible Government for the Territories, and it was in consequence, in the direct line of cause and effect, of my action in Parliament that we obtained the first step towards Responsible Government. Ever since I have been in parliament, and in private by pressure on Ministers, I have sought to extend the sphere of usefulness of the Territorial Assembly and to get more money for the local Government of the Territories.

We have a rich country in Western Assiniboia, but its wealth has not yet been made available mainly because of the utter want of originality of mind that has characterized the management of the Department of the Interior in the past. What I have got done I had to work hard in Parliament to get done.

More than seven years ago I moved in the House of Commons in favor of a policy of irrigation. This was opposed. It was said I was decrying the country. Part of that policy has since been adopted. But that part which is of most consequence to you—irrigation by means of wells—has not yet been adopted.

I moved that the Interior department should take steps to find water for the people in districts where well boring entails more expense than the private farmer is equal to. A poor, wretched, halting policy was adopted of getting the local Executive to attend to this with a few well-borers. But I maintain when the Dominion Government administers the lands its duty is to see that in districts such as I have described, water is found, and for this I will contend.

I have moved in parliament and last session got the Government to adopt, a policy of assisting creameries in the Territories as part of an immigration scheme, but unfortunately we were unable to reach the main estimates, not to speak of the estimates for 1896-97. I intend, should you elect me, to seek to have the sum of $15,000 every year for five years placed in the estimates, to lend each creamery $2,000 without interest, the principal to be paid off by a fractional contribution from the profits into a sinking fund.

I moved in the direction of lowering freight rates in the only way this can be done. I will continue to do this. In connection with this I am in favor of building the Hudson's Bay Railway in such a manner as to give us an early outlet by Hudson's Bay, and to secure competition, and that one of the termini shall be in the heart of Assiniboia.

I am in favor of a system of cold storage and chilled meat exportation, so as to bring the farmer as near his ultimate customer as possible.

If elected I will move to have an act passed which will rescue the farmer as much as possible from the middleman, and make the railway and the ship companies and him in sending his grain direct to Liverpool.

I am in favor of permanent grain standards.

I am in favor of preferential trade within the British Empire.

In consequence of my action, in the first place the tariff on implements and other things was reduced. I am in favor of abolishing altogether the duties on implements, binder twine, barb wire, coal oil and other necessaries of the farmer.

I am opposed to those Revenue Tariffists who would tax tea and coffee and get a big revenue from the poor man's breakfast table.

I was the first to propose that the Government should buy back the odd sections from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and throw them open for settlement, and I still hold to this policy, which would make settlement more compact and give twice the number to bear the burden of each township.

I first moved for pensions for the Mounted Police. I desire to see this splendid force maintained on a footing of efficiency, and would advocate restoring it to its former numbers. I also favor attention to the defence of Canada.

What is known as the Manitoba School Question was not up at the last election. You elected me to support the Conservative Government. In the last session the fate of the Government literally and absolutely depended on my vote. I had no mandate from you on the School Question; I had a mandate as to what Government I should support. I believe the only government that can settle this question satisfactorily is the Local Government. I will oppose at every stage any bill interfering with provincial rights in Manitoba, and should any person be placed in a position to bring forward a measure stronger than that of last session I will of course, *a fortiori*, oppose him. This school question as used by certain parties is a trick—a red herring affair, and is employed to divert your attention from great lasting issues. Do not be misled.

You have now before you three candidates—all pledged against interference with Manitoba in its school legislation. Mr. McInnis is a Patron supporter of Mr. Laurier, and is loud against the present Government, but he says he is independent and therefore liable to support a Conservative government. Mr. Grant is a supporter of Mr. Laurier.

I appeared before you in 1887 as a supporter of the Conservative party then led by Sir John Macdonald, but independent on North West questions. I stand on the same ground. The leader now is Sir John Macdonald's great lieutenant of other days,—a man of commanding political genius—Sir Charles Tupper, with whom, however, I differ on the School Question.

This question as a Dominion issue is practically dead. If it succeeds as a piece of election trickery on the part of Martin and Greenway, then Mr. Greenway will settle it, and if it fails then, too he will settle it, for the motive of leaving it open will have disappeared.

I am in favor of needed public works. Latterly owing to the depression and Mr. Foster's determination to cut down expenditure, I have not been able to carry out all that I aimed at. Now that buoyancy has returned and with a man like Sir Charles Tupper at the head, I shall not have much difficulty in getting money for such purposes.

I contend, and will contend, that the Dominion Government should co operate with the town of Moose Jaw to build a dam on the Moose Jaw; also a bridge across the Saskatchewan at Medicine Hat, and a court House at Maple Creek.

I am

Your faithful servant,

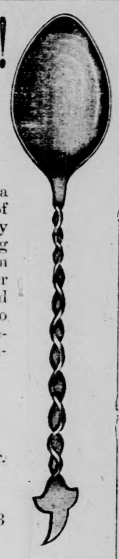
NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

Regina, May 11, 1896.

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..IN..

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We have now a complete stock of Staple and Fancy Silverware Sterling Silver Spoons from $6.00 to $12.00 per dozen. Nevada and Nickle 75 cents to $1.00 a dozen. Remember we guarantee our goods.

MUNNS,

The Jeweller.

See our $8 and $13 Watches

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House Cleaning,
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Call and see the latest in wall papers. Samples taken and called for to any part of town.

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All orders promptly attended to. Paint shop: Crosbie Block, Main Street.

P.O. Box 13. **F. A. MELLER.**

MORTGAGE SALE

OF VALUABLE

Town Property.

By virtue of a mortgage made by Mary E. Annable and John E. Annable to William Arthur Elderkin deceased, pursuant to the order of the Honorable Mr. Justice Richardson there will be offered for sale by public auction by Oswald B. Fysh, Auctioneer, at the Ottawa Hotel in the Town of Moose Jaw on Saturday, the twenty-third day of May, A.D. 1896, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon the following property, viz., Lot number Nineteen (19) in Block One Hundred and Twelve (112) in the Town of Moose Jaw in the North-West Territories of Canada.

The property will be offered at an upset price to be named at the time of sale.

The above described property is situate on High street, and there is erected thereon a brick dwelling house.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to

WM. GRAYSON,
Vendors Advocate,
Moose Jaw, N.W.T.

O. B. FYSH,
Auctioneer,
Dated 1st May, 1896. 46-48.

NOTICE

To Creditors.

In the matter of the estate of the late William Bevan Crosbie, late of Moose Jaw, in the North West Territories of Canada, deceased.

All creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named deceased are, pursuant to the order of the Honorable Mr. Justice Richardson, dated the 16th day of April, A. D. 1896, to send in to William Grayson, of Moose Jaw, in the North-West Territories of Canada, administrator of the estate and effects of the deceased, on or before the 15th day of July, 1896, particulars of their said claims, showing the amounts thereof, and the security, or securities held by them if any.

And the said administrator on the expiration of the publication of this advertisement in the weekly issues of the Moose Jaw Times, between the 1st day of May and the 15th day of July, 1896, shall be at liberty to distribute the assets of the said deceased, or any part thereof amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard to the claims of which such administrator has then notice and shall not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim such administrator shall not have had notice at the time of distribution of the said assets, or part thereof as the case may be.

Dated 28th April, 1896.

WM. GRAYSON,
Administrator.

July. 15th.

PATENTS

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PAIN-KILLER is **THE BEST** remedy known for **Sea-Sickness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism** and **Neuralgia.**

PAIN-KILLER is UNQUESTIONABLY the **BEST LINIMENT MADE.** It brings SPEEDY AND PERMANENT RELIEF in all cases of **Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, etc.**

PAIN-KILLER is the well tried and trusted **friend** of the **Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor,** and in fact all classes, forming a **medicine** always at hand, and SAFE TO USE **internally or externally** with certainty of relief.

Beware of imitations. Take none but the genuine "PERRY DAVIS." Sold everywhere, 25c. big bottle.

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..PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICE TO..

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EMPRESS JAPAN.....April 20

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The only direct connection with Atlantic Steamers from St. John, Halifax and New York. Trains go along side the steamers and baggage checked on board. Lowest Rates always obtainable.

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General :-: Blacksmith,
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Makes the only Red Brick in the Territories.

Manitoba Street, —— Moose Jaw

Back-Ache, Face-Ache, Sciatic Pains, Neuralgic Pains, Pain in the Side, etc.

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The "D. & L." Menthol Plaster

Having used your D. & L. Menthol Plaster for severe pain in the back and lumbago, I unhesitatingly recommend same as a safe, sure and rapid remedy; in fact, they act like magic.—A. LAPOINTE, Elizabethtown, Ont.

Price 25c.

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The Short and Direct Route to all

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No change of cars to Montreal and Toronto.

Direct connection with Ocean Steamers at Halifax, St. John, New York.

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EX-MEMBER of PARLIAMENT

REUBEN E. TRUAX



Hon. Reuben E. Truax, one of Canada's ablest thinkers and statesmen, a man so highly esteemed by the people of his district that he was honored with a seat in Parliament, kindly furnishes us for publication the following statement, which will be most welcome to the public, inasmuch as it is one in which all will place implicit confidence. Mr. Truax says:

"I have been for about ten years very much troubled with Indigestion and Dyspepsia, have tried a great many different kinds of patent medicines, and have been treated by a number of physicians and found no benefit from them. I was recommended to try the Great South American Nervine Tonic. I obtained a bottle, and I must say I found very great relief, and have since taken two more bottles, and now feel that I am entirely free from Indigestion, and would strongly recommend all my fellow-sufferers from the disease to give South American Nervine an immediate trial. It will cure you.

"REUBEN E. TRUAX,
"Walkerton, Ont."

It has lately been discovered that certain Nerve Centres, located near the base of the brain, control and supply the stomach with the necessary nerve force to properly digest the food. When these Nerve Centres are in any way deranged the supply of nerve force is at once diminished, and as a result the food taken into the stomach is only partially digested, and Chronic Indigestion and Dyspepsia soon make their appearance.

South American Nervine is so prepared that it acts directly on the nerves. It will absolutely cure every case of Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and is an absolute specific for all nervous diseases and ailments. It usually gives relief in one day.

Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle-aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Dr. W. Washburn, of New Richmond, Indiana, writes: "I have used South American Nervine in my family and prescribed it in my practice. It is a most excellent remedy."

For Sale by **W. W. BOLE,**

Moose Jaw N.W.T

THE LIBRARY WINDOW.

A STORY OF THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

It was more silent now, and my eyes, I suppose, had grown dim with gazing, doing my best to make it out, when suddenly Aunt Mary said, "Will you ring the bell, my dear? I must have my lamp."

"Your lamp?" I cried, "when it is still daylight." But then I gave another look at my window, and perceived with a start that the light had indeed changed; for now I saw nothing. It was still light, but there was so much change in the light that my room, with the grey space and the large, shadowy bookcase, had gone out, and I saw them no more; for even a Scotch night in June, though it looks as if it would never end, does darken at the last. I had almost cried out, but checked myself, and rang the bell for Aunt Mary, and made up my mind I would say nothing till next morning, when to be sure naturally it would be more clear.

Next morning I rather think I forgot all about it—or was busy, or was more idle than usual; the two things meant nearly the same. At all events I thought no more of the window, though I still sat in my own, opposite to it, but occupied with some other fancy. Aunt Mary's visitors came as usual in the afternoon; but their talk was of other things, and for a day or two nothing at all happened to bring back my thoughts into this channel. It might be nearly a week before the subject came back, and once more it was old Lady Carnbee who set me thinking; not that she said anything upon that particular theme. But she was the last of my aunt's afternoon guests to go away, and when she rose to leave she threw up her hands, with those lively gesticulations which so many old Scotch ladies have. "My faith!" said she, "there is that bairn there still like a dream. Is the creature bewitched, Mary Mackarras? and is she bound to sit there by night and by day for the rest of her days? You should mind that there's things about, uncanny for women of our blood."

I was too much startled at first to recognize that it was of me she was speaking. She was like a figure in a picture, with her pale face the color of ashes, and the big pattern of the Spanish face hanging half over it, and her hand held up, with the big diamond blazing at me from the inside of her uplifted palm. It was held up in surprise, but it looked as if it were raised in malediction; and the diamond threw out darts of light and glared and twinkled at me. If it had been in its right place it would not have mattered; but there, in the open of the hand! I started up, half in terror, half in wrath. And then the old lady laughed, and her hand dropped. "I've wakened you to life, and broke the spell," she said, nodding her old head at me, while the large black silk flowers of the lace waved and threatened. And she took my arm to go down-stairs, laughing and bidding me be steady, and no tremble and shake like a broken reed. "You should be as steady as a rock at your age. I was like a young tree," she said, leaning so heavily that my willowy, girlish frame quivered—"I was a support to virtue, like Pamela, in my time."

"Aunt Mary, Lady Carnbee is a witch!" I cried, when I came back.

"Is that what you think, honey? well, maybe she once was," said Aunt Mary, whom nothing surprised.

And it was that night once more after dinner, and after the post came in, and the Times, that I suddenly saw the Library window again. I had seen it every day—and noticed nothing; but to-night, still in a little tumult of mind over Lady Carnbee and her wicked diamond which wished me harm, and her lace which waved threats and warnings at me, I looked across at the street, and there I saw quite plainly the room opposite, far more clearly than before. I saw dimly that it must be a large room, and that the big piece of furniture against the wall was a writing-desk. That in a moment, when first my eyes rested upon it, was quite clear; a large, old-fashioned escritoire, standing out into the room; and I knew by the shape of it that it had a great many pigeon-holes and little drawers in the back, and a large table for writing. There was one just like it in my father's library at home. It was such a surprise to see it all so clearly that I closed my eyes, for the moment almost giddy, wondering how papa's desk could have come here—and then when I reminded myself that this was nonsense, and that there were many such writing-tables besides papa's, and looked again—lo! it had all become quite vague and indistinct as it was at first; and I saw nothing but the blank window, of which the old ladies could never be certain whether it was filled up to avoid the window-tax, or whether it had ever been a window at all.

This occupied my mind very much, and yet I did not say anything to Aunt Mary. For one thing, I rarely saw anything at all in the early part of the day; but then that is natural; you can never see into a place from outside, whether it is an empty room or a looking-glass, or people's eyes, or anything else that is mysterious, in the day. It has, I suppose, something to do with the light. But the evening in June in Scotland—then is the time to see. For it is daylight, yet it is not day, and there is a quality in it which I cannot describe, it is so clear, as if every object was a reflection of itself.

I used to see more and more of the room as the days went on. The large escritoire stood out more and more into the space; with sometimes white glimmering things, which looked like papers, lying on it; and once or twice I was sure I saw a pile of books on the floor close to the writing-table, as if they had gilding upon them in broken specks, like old books. It was always about the time when the lads in the street began to call to each other that they were going home, and sometimes a shriller voice would come from one of the doors, bidding somebody to "cry upon the laddies" to come back to their suppers. That was always the time I saw best, though it was close upon the moment when the veil seemed to fall and the clear radiance became less living, and all the sounds died out of the street, and Aunt Mary said in her soft voice, "Honey! will you ring for the lamp?" She said honey as people say darling; and I think it is a prettier word.

Then finally, while I sat one evening with my book in my hand, looking straight across the street, not distracted by anything, I saw a little movement within. It was not any one visible—but everybody must know what it is to see the stir in the air, the little disturbance—you cannot tell what it is, but that it indicates some one there, even though you can see no one. Perhaps it is a shadow making just one flicker in the still place. You may look at an empty room and the furniture in it for hours, and then suddenly there will be the flicker, and you know that something has come into it. It might only be a dog or a cat; it might be, if that were possible, a bird flying across; but it is some one, something living, which is so different, so completely different, in a moment from the things that are not living. It seemed to strike quite through me, and I gave a little cry. Then Aunt Mary stirred a little, and put down the huge newspaper that almost covered her from sight, and said, "What is it, honey?" I cried "Nothing," with a little gasp, quite, for I did not want to be disturbed just at this moment when somebody was coming! But I suppose she was not satisfied, for she got up and stood behind to see what it was, putting her hand on my shoulder. It was the softest touch in the world, but I could have flung it off angrily; for that moment everything was still again, and the place grew grey and I saw no more.

"Nothing," I repeated, but I was so vexed I could have cried. "I told you it was nothing, Aunt Mary. Don't you believe me, that you come to look—and spoil it all?"

I did not mean of course to say these last words; they were forced out of me. I was so much annoyed to see it all melt away like a dream; for it was no dream, but as real as—as real as—myself or anything I ever saw.

She gave my shoulder a little pat with her hand. "Hon-y," she said, "were you looking at something? Is't that? is't that?" "Is it what?" I wanted to say shaking off her hand, but something in me stopped me; for I said nothing at all, and she went quickly back to her place. I suppose she must have rung the bell herself, for immediately I felt the soft flood of the light behind me, and the evening outside dimmed down, as it did every night, and I saw nothing more.

It was next day, I think, in the afternoon that I spoke. It was brought on by something she said about her fine work. "I got a mist before my eyes," she said; "you will have to learn my old lace stitches, honey—for I soon will not see to draw the threads."

"Oh, I hope you will keep your sight," I cried, without thinking what I was saying. I was then young and very matter-of-fact. I had not found out that one may mean something, yet not half or a hundredth part of what one seems to mean; and even then probably hoping to be contradicted if it is anyhow against one's self.

"My sight!" she said, looking up at me with a look that was almost angry; "there is no question of losing my sight—on the contrary, my eyes are very strong. I may not see to draw fine threads, but I see at a distance as well as ever I did—as well as you do."

"I did not mean any harm, Aunt Mary," I said, "I thought you said—— But how can your sight be as good as ever when you are in doubt about the window? I can see into the room as clear as——" My voice wavered, for I had just looked up and across the street, and I could have sworn that there was no window at all, but only a false image of one painted on the wall.

"Ah!" she said with a little tone of keenness and surprise; and she half rose up, throwing down her work hastily, as if she meant to come to me; then, perhaps, seeing the bewildered look on my face, she paused and hesitated—"Ay, honey!" she said, "have you got so far ben as that?"

What did she mean? Of course I knew the old Scotch phrases as well as I knew myself; but I could not comfort to take refuge in a little ignorance, and I know I pretended not to understand whenever I was put out. "I don't know what you mean by 'far ben,'" I cried out, very impatiently. I don't know what I might have followed, if some one just then came to me, and she could only give me a look before she went forward, putting out her hand to her visitor. It was a very soft look, but anxious, and as if she did not know what to do; and she shook her head a very little, and I thought, though there was a smile on her face, there was something wet about her eyes. I retired into my recess, and nothing was said.

But it was very tantalizing that it should fluctuate so; for sometimes I saw that room quite plain and clear—quite as clear as I could see papa's library, for example, now I shut floor at the foot—not ranged regularly in order, but put down one above the other, with all their angles going different ways, and a speck of the old gilding shining here and there. And then again at other times I saw nothing, absolutely nothing, and was no better than the old ladies who had peered over my head, drawing their eyelids together, and arguing that the window had been shut up because of the old long-abolished window-tax or else that it had never been a window at all. It annoyed me very much at those dull moments to feel that I too puckered up my eyelids and saw no better than they.

Aunt Mary's old ladies came and went day after day while June went on. I was to go back in July, and I felt that I should be very unwilling indeed to leave until I had quite cleared up, as I was indeed in the way of doing—the mystery of that window which changed so strangely and appeared quite a different thing, not only to different people, but to the same eyes at different times. Of course I said to myself it must simply be an effect of the light. And yet I did not quite like that explanation either, but would have been better pleased to make out to myself that it was some superiority in me which made it so clear to me, if it were only the great superiority of young eyes over old—though that was not quite enough to satisfy me, seeing it was a superiority which I shared with every lass and lad in the street. I rather wanted, I believe, to think that there was some particular insight in me which gave clearness to my sight—on the contrary, my eyes are very strong. I may not see to draw fine threads, but I see at a distance as well as ever I did—as well as you do."

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III.

It was about midsummer, I cannot say exactly to a day when, but near that time, when the great event happened. I had grown very well acquainted by this time with that large, dim room. Not only the escritoire, which was very plain to me now with the papers upon it, and the books at its foot, but the great picture that hung against the farther wall, and various other shadowy pieces of furniture, especially a chair which one evening I saw had been moved into the space before the escritoire,—a little change which made my heart beat, for it spoke so distinctly of some one who must have been there, the some one who had already made me start, two or three times before, by some vague shadow of him or thrill of him which made a sort of movement in the silent space; a movement which made me sure that next minute I must see something or hear something which would explain the whole—if it were not that something always happened outside to stop it, at the very moment of its accomplishment. I had no warning this time of movement or shadow. I had been looking into the room very attentively a little while before, and had made out everything almost clearer than ever; and then had bent my attention again on my book, and read a chapter or two at a most exciting period of the story; and consequently had quite left St. Rule's, and the High Street, and the College Library, and was really in a South American forest, almost throttled by the flowery creepers, and treading softly lest I should put my foot on a scorpion or a dangerous snake. At this moment something suddenly calling my attention to the outside, I sprang up, for I could not contain myself. I don't know what I said, but enough to startle the people in the room, one of whom was old Mr. Pitmilly. They all looked round upon me to ask what was the matter, but when I gave my usual answer of "Nothing," sitting down again shamefaced but very much excited, Mr. Pitmilly got up and came forward, and looked out, apparently to see what was the cause. He saw nothing, for he went back again, and I could hear him telling Aunt Mary not to be alarmed, for missy had fallen in a doze with the heat, and had startled herself waking up, at which they all laughed; another time I could have killed him for his impertinence, but my mind was too much taken up now to pay any attention. My head was throbbing and my heart beating. I was in such high excitement, however, that to restrain myself completely, to be perfectly silent, was more easy to me then than at any other time of my life. I waited until the old gentleman had taken his seat again, and then I looked back. Yes, there he was! I had not been deceived. I knew then, when I looked across, that this was what I had been looking for all the time—that I had known he was there, and had been waiting for him, every time there was that flicker of movement in the room—him and no one else. And there at last, just as I had expected, he was. I don't know that in reality I ever had expected him, or any one; but this was what I felt when, suddenly looking into that curious dim room, I saw him there.

(To Be Continued.)

SIMPLY LIED

When He Claimed That He Never Made Errors in Bookkeeping.

Here is an old conundrum: A boy said, that girl's mother is my mother, and yet she is not my sister, how was that? The answer to the conundrum is that the boy lied. And here is a story that reminds one of that conundrum: It was recently published in an English newspaper, and could only have appeared there or in an old-fashioned goody, goody child's book. As in the conundrum quoted, the bookkeeper who got the job in this case, lied, and his employer, it may be added, knew precious little about the art and mystery of bookkeeping.

A leading firm advertised for an assistant bookkeeper, and as each candidate for the position appeared, he was conducted to the private office of the senior proprietor, who at once asked him these questions:

"What do you do when by mistake you make wrong entries in your ledger?"

The first applicant replied that he usually made a corresponding entry on the opposite side of the account "By Error" or "To Error," as the case might be, which would balance the erroneous entry. "We shall not need your services," said the proprietor, and the young man was dismissed.

The next applicant said he disposed of wrong entries by expert erasures, and was dismissed as being too skillful for a mere bookkeeper. Applicant after applicant appeared. Each had some ingenious method of adjusting wrong entries, and each was quietly dismissed with the assurance that his services were not wanted.

At last an unassuming young man appeared. The merchant asked the usual question:

"How do you proceed when you make wrong entries in your ledger?"

The applicant looked bewildered for a moment, then answered that he never made wrong entries.

"You are the man we want," said the merchant; "you may consider yourself engaged."

A SERIOUS AFFAIR.

Clara—Oh, mother, we had such fun at the party! Young Smith proposed that he and I should go through a mock marriage ceremony just in fun, you know; and it was too funny for anything. Afterward some of the older people who heard of it said we were really married; but we're not, are we?

Doting Mother—Of course not. Besides, young Smith couldn't support a wife if he had one.

Oh, it wasn't that Smith. It was the other Smith from Gold City, the one who owns a bonanza mine, you know.

Eh? That Smith! My dear, a marriage like that before witnesses is binding.

Shirred Eggs.—Break eight eggs into a well buttered dish, put in pepper and salt, bits of butter, and three tablespoonfuls of cream. Bake twnty minutes.

WEAR HATS BEFORE KINGS

ENGLISH AND SPANISH NOBLES WHO HAVE THIS PRIVILEGE.

Hats As Emblems of Rank—Influence of Dress Upon the Character and Conduct of Men—Silk Hats to go.

There have been frequently started in London movements to abolish the high silk hat. The most recent one was approved by the Prince of Wales, who sent word to his clubs the Marlborough, the Turf, Brooks's, the Guards, the Travellers, and others, intimating that he was going to wear a derby and it would please him if his friends at the clubs would do likewise.

There is in the Anglo-Saxon character a certain element of rowdiness which is restrained only by dress. The reason why tightly buttoned frock coats and evening dress are worn so much in London is because they have the effect on Englishmen of a moral strait-jacket. The same is true of silk hats.

THE SILK HAT A BRACER.

A man is disposed to slouch, lounge and carry himself carelessly in a sack coat and soft hat, but in a Prince Albert (frock) coat and a high hat he holds himself erect, feels dignified and endeavors, perhaps unconsciously, to "live up" to his hat.

Everywhere the hat exercises a potent influence and plays an important part in the life, history and social system of nations. Among many tribes of the Dark Continent the king's or chief's old stove pipe hat is his principal emblem and insignia of authority. The moment he perches it upon his woolly pate it imparts to his manner, to his carriage and to his aspect an indescribable air of majesty, even when it constitutes, as is often the case, his sole article of apparel.

CURIOUS PRIVILEGE, THIS.

In Europe the hat is an emblem of authority, since monarchs and princes of the blood alone are allowed to retain it upon their heads when all other men present have their heads bared. The greatest mark of distinction that can be conferred upon nobles and generals, an honor far more highly prized than any mere titular dignity, is the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the sovereign. In Great Britain there are only three men who enjoy this prerogative—the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; Lord Forester and Lord Kinsale, the latter by right of a patent conferred upon one of his ancestors by King John, the signer of the Magna Charta. In Spain the 295 grandees, many of them untitled, who possess this curious privilege, takes precedence by dukes, marquises and the entire nobility of the kingdom.

In Republican France the hat is important. If the President of the Senate or the Legislative Chamber dons his hat it is sufficient to ipso facto, instantaneously suspend the session, no matter how important the debate in progress.

HAT-TIPPING FRENCHMEN.

Every Frenchman possesses the art of manifesting the degree of consideration and respect he entertains for those whom he meets out of doors by the manner in which he doffs his hat. On the Paris boulevards the process is usually accompanied by the "coup de menton" (the chin bow). It is interesting to observe the delicate gradations by which the courtly Gaul discriminates between his bow to a duchess and his bow to a "belle petite;" between his salute to his tailor when he owes him a heavy bill and his salute to that tradesman after the account has been settled.

The result of all this bowing is that Paris hatters do a larger business than those of any other city. Nothing ruins a hat so quickly as constant bows with it. In London, where men are less polite, a hat lasts twice as long, usually giving way first at the crown, instead of at the nape or brim, as do French hats.

That is why old English "stove pipes" can be more easily rejuvenated than worn-out French hats. The other day a petition was presented to the Legislature by the Paris Union of Guild of Hatters, asking the enactment of a law prohibiting the importation from England of old hats, which are alleged to be swamping the hat trade of Gaul.

Only very distinguished people can afford to wear shabby hats. Whenever one meets a man wearing a peculiarly disreputable looking hat it may be nearly always taken for granted that he is a celebrity and that the old hat covers brains that have made their mark in the history of mankind. The hat of Carlyle, for instance, was indescribable; so was that of Tennyson, while Lord Salisbury's is such that its disreputable appearance on one memorable occasion led the door-keepers at Monte Carlo to refuse him admittance to the rooms. Gladstone's is little better, while that which old Emperor William of Germany delighted to wear during his sojourn at Ems and Gastein was if possible worse.

IMPRESSIONS OF WAGNER.

What's that? asked Derringer Dan, as he paused in astonishment to listen to the efforts of the parlor quartet.

That's something taken from Wagner. What do you think of it?

Well, was the carefully considered reply, whatever it is, Wagner seems to be givin' it up mighty hard.

A COMPLEX REMEDY.

Don't you think, said Mrs. Tungtwist, in the midst of a quarrel with her husband, that we'd get along a good deal better together if we separated.

A RESEMBLANCE.

Mr. Dude—I was thinking how much I resemble your carpet—always at your feet, you know.

Miss Sly—Yes, you are very much like my carpet. I am going to shake it soon.

MUTUAL SATISFACTION.

What's this I hear about the plumber and the paperhanger in the next block? Have they been trading houses?

Not exactly. They did a lot of work for each other, and each had to take the other's house for his pay.

VENEZUELAN GIRLS.

There is in the South American forests a flower, the night-blooming cereus—which, on a moonlight night, once a year, at the very crown of summer, suddenly opens a marvelous blossom, whiter than silver, more fragile than a dream.

Then all the forest is intoxicated with a perfumed breath that is sweeter than the spices of Paradise. For four or five short hours this wonderful flower hangs upon the vine in perfection, but with the first ray of light it droops and fades, and by the time the sun is up nothing remains of the miracle of the night but a mass of flabby brown petals.

The fate of the flower is curiously symbolical of the life of the Venezuelan woman. At about the age of 17 they ripen into the most astonishing beauty. Their eyes are of the most lustrous darkness, their hair abundant, wavy and as brilliantly dark as their eeys. As a rule, their teeth are white and perfect. Their complexions as delicately and transparently lovely as the petals of the tropical night flower, and their figures as supple and slender as lizards. They are especially noted for their well-made feet and hands. It is not uncommon to find them well-dressed, with a great gift of tongues, speaking easily French, English and German, besides their native Spanish fluently. Daughters of wealthier families are usually sent to Paris for a few years "finishing" in a fashionable convent school, and they quickly acquire in the capital of fashion that grace and chic which is eminently Parisian.

Taken altogether, one of these Venezuelan girls, just home from France, is as captivating a creature as one can well imagine. Unfortunately for their beauty and charm, the climate is absolutely destructive. Only the most energetic can keep up any regular exercise, and without it in these tropical countries this lovely bloom of their first years is almost as evanescent as the life of the rarest flower.

It is entirely due to the climate that this is so, because in very many cases where the girl is able to bring a substantial dower, the parents arrange for her a marriage in Europe, and some of the most beautiful women of the continental capitals are Venezuelans, who retain their beauty well on into middle age. If, however, their fate is to return to Venezuela they have only to resign themselves to an early flight of all their physical attractions.

As a rule—and this rule is almost without exception—they are married before they attain the age of 20. Indeed the greater number of marriages are contracted before the girl has passed her eighteenth birthday. The modes of courtship are very like those of old Spain.

The Venezuelan houses are mostly of two stories. The first floor is upon the level of the street and leads straight into the central patio or court yard. This story is given up to the offices and servants' quarters and is very low. The floor above contains the reception and bed rooms and looks out upon the street only by means of a few grated windows, and here and there is a tiny balcony. About sunset it is customary for the young swells to station themselves beneath these windows upon horse back. The first story being so low they are almost on a level with the balconies and the young men ride in the most picturesque fashion. Their horses are descendants of the original Spanish horses which were full of Arab blood, and have the same arching necks and abundant wavy manes and tails. They are usually cream color or piebald, and their bridles are of elaborately braided and colored horse hair with huge silver bits. The saddles are frequently lined with velvet, have high Mexican pommels and are hung with leather tassels and bits of shining brass and silver. The horse are extremely well trained and will stand as still as statues with arching neck and delicately poised feet, while their riders pay calls and compliments at the grated windows, from which they give them each a brilliant eyes.

Girls of the higher class are very strictly guarded. There are few balls or amusements, so that this twilight smiling through bars or balconies is about the most exciting social experience of the day. A little of this sort of thing gives them some idea of the desirable men of the place, and when one of the prancing cavaliers offers—through the medium of his parents—his hand and heart to some special pair of bright eyes, her impression of his attractions is usually such as she has been able to form through the gratings in the window.

Love—even under these difficult circumstances—is usually the foundation of a Venezuelan marriage, for in a country where life is so simple and inexpensive, considerations of convenience are not as imperative as in more sophisticated communities.

As a rule, too, the marriages are happy. The women are generally amiable and, for the most part, excellent housekeepers. Love of their children is an absolute passion with both sexes and forms a very strong tie between the parents.

But only women of the strongest character can, in the prostrating heat, pursue any intellectual interests. As a rule, soon after marriage all the pretty accomplishments taught by the patient French nuns are abandoned, all exercise is omitted and the beautiful white skinned, slender girl becomes fat, brown, and indolent, an amiable mother, a kind mistress and a faithful wife, but coarse, shapeless and utterly lunattractive in person.

BUILDING BIG VESSELS.

The tendency to build steamers and sailing vessels of exceptionally large tonnage has been a marked feature in shipbuilding during the past year. The largest steamers launched in Great Britain were the Georgic, 10,077 tons; Victoria, 8,767 tons; Armenian and Cestrian, 8,765 tons each, and the American, 8,196 tons. The United States launched the St. Paul, 11,629 tons; Germany, the five-masted bark Potosi, 4,027 tons, and France, the Wulfran Puget, 3,961 tons. The great lakes launched the [illegible]nia, of 3,113 tons.

WORLD'S CABLES.

There are under the ocean, spreading to almost every civilized part of the world, no fewer than 1,167 submarine telegraph cables, having a total length of 142,790 nautical miles, and representing a capital of nearly $200,000,000. To keep these cables in repair requires the exclusive service of 37 specially constructed and equipped telegraph steamers. Nearly all these cables have been manufactured at factories on the banks of the Thames.

Glory is like a circle in the water, which never ceaseth to enlarge itself, till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.—Shakespeare.

THE KHALIFA'S FORCES.

The Fighting Strength of the Dervishes.

A recent American visitor to the Soudan writes in regard to the fighting strength of the Mahdists:—When we were at Assouan, in Egypt, in the spring of '94, the Governor called on us, and from him we learned a great deal of the situation of affairs. He was an Egyptian who had enjoyed a European education, and who spoke English fluently. On asking him about these Dervishes, he replied, "If they had the 'sinews of war' at hand, there is nothing that could stand between them and Cairo." He said they kept about 50,000 men under arms, and they had over 100,000 Martini-Henry rifles. We thought at the time that this might be somewhat of an exaggeration. At Assouan, however, we left our steamer, and going above the first cataract, engaged another, which took us to Wady Halfa.

This was and is the frontier station in the south occupied by the British and is one thousand miles south of Alexandria. Here we became acquainted with the English officers commanding the Egyptian forces, and found them an exceedingly intelligent and agreeable set of men. We found the frontier station bearing witness to an intelligent hygienic supervision. The difference between Wady Halfa and many of the Nubian villages we had passed was world-wide. The officers here gave us every opportunity to see their

MILITARY EQUIPMENT.

We saw the drill of the troops, both Fellaheen and Nubian. We also saw that upon which they place their great reliance in holding back the Dervish inroads, their camel corps. This consisted of 2,000 camels, serving as the cavalry of the desert. The animals were in fine shape, well drilled, and carrying mounted artillery as well as the men. We saw their evolutions out on the desert, and admired them much. Upon these the English officers told us they relied as being the most effective in warfare such as that part of the country is called upon to witness.

In conversation with the second officer in command, I asked him if their Fellaheen troops could be matched against the Dervishes onslaught. He of the head and a smile, he said, "Hardly." I then asked him whether they had any troops whom they could match against the Dervishes' onstaught. He replied, "We think the Nubians could match them," and then with a significant smile he added, "But we do not covet the experiment." These Nubian troops are far ahead of the Fellaheen in physique. Black as coal, tall, straight, with well-formed limbs and finely set heads, they look as if they could fight splendidly, especially if led by competent officers. It seemed to us at the time that if the Dervishes were ever to be severely whipped, these Nubians led by English officers were the only men on whom England could rely.

I might add here that we found in Egypt, in every class of society, the prevailing impression that the English had come to stay, and the overwhelming desire that this should be the fact. The only class who grumbled at all were the old bureaucracy. They have been "thrown out of a job," as a Tammany man would say, and feel that they have been foully wronged. The laboring class uniformly, however, rejoice in the justice of English administration and the consequent prosperity of the land.

CURED BY ELECTRICITY.

A man paralyzed in the left arm called at the electric light station at Watertown, Mass., the other day and said that he was a carpenter. Owing to the condition of his arm he was unable to work. He said he had no money, but wished to be given a series of electric shocks, with the hope of restoring life to his arm. The electrician of the works applied a wet bandage and then forced a current of electricity through the arm. The man went away, and returned in a few days saying his arm had lost some of its numbness. A second shock was given, and the man was able to bend the fingers and even pick up a nail. On his return the third time a happier man it would be difficult to find. A third shock was given him and he claims that the paralysis has completely left him and that he is able once more to work at his trade.

THE RULES DIDN'T WORK.

Mrs. Youngwife—Oh dear! I'll never believe a word these horrid newspapers say again.

Mother—Why, what's the matter?

Yesterday I read an article about how to keep a husband as devoted as he was when a lover. It said you must keep your temper, attend conscientiously to the kitchen and pantry, see that his clothing is in good order, have plenty of sunlight in the house and in the heart, don't bother him about going to places of amusement when he is tired, keep your hair becomingly fixed and never let him see it in curl-papers, avoid friends who would only bore him, and dress well.

Very good advice.

Good? Why, as quick as he got home I told him I wanted a lot of new dresses, and he got mad right off.

PIGMY PORKERS.

Some specimens of the smallest known species of hogs are now quartered at the London zoological gardens. They came from the desert regions of Australia and are known as "the pigmy hogs of the antipodes." They are well formed, frisky little porkers, the very largest and heaviest in the lot (which are all full grown) not being larger than a muskrat. These zoological curios are real hogs, and should not be confounded with the so-called 'Guinea pigs,' which are a specie of rodent.

AT THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

Queen Victoria, is to be represented at the Imperial coronation at Moscow by the Duke of Connaught, who will be accompanied to Russia by the Princess of Wales and the Princesses Victoria and Maud, who are to go to St. Petersburg from Copenhagen with the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark, and their sons, the Princes Christian and Charles.

THE POPE'S PLATE

It is doubtful whether anyone has more gold and silver and plate and other objects of value than the Pope. It is declared that were he to melt down all the medals, chains, vessels, and other objects preserved in the Vatican the amount of gold obtained would make more coin than the whole of the present European circulation.

THE FARM.

GRAFTING FRUIT TREES.

An experienced orchardist says: Fruit grafting should be done early in the spring, before the leaves begin to start on the trees. If one is merely doing his own grafting, the cions may be selected as one wishes to graft them into the trees, if he has the kind he wishes to use; but if he wishes to make a business of it, the cions may be selected in February. Last year's growth should be chosen and put up in bunches by themselves, and marked so no mistakes will be made.

The grafting knife most commonly used, is one with a straight back and blade; but the best, and one used by an old grafter, has a rounding back and a curve in the center of the blade, the reason that the curved knife is considered the best, is because it cuts the bark ahead of the wood.

There are many receipts for making grafting wax, but all that I have seen use tallow. Boiled linseed oil gives better satisfaction to those who have tried it. Wax made of tallow will melt and run down on a hot day, but will not if made of oil, for it dries so much quicker.

Some, who do grafting to make money, will put as many grafts as possible in a tree. This should not be done; for when they begin to grow, they will be so thick that many of the new ones will have to be cut off. A small limb will need but one graft, but two will do better on a large one.

When about to set a graft the limb should be sawed off and split one and a half or two inches. The stub is now ready to receive the cion. These should have two buds. The cut, which forms the lower end of the cion, should begin a little below the lower bud, and cut in the form of a wedge. The wood should be cut so that the edge opposite the bud shall be thinner than the part under it. Wax should be put on between the cions, and cover the slits at each side. Be careful not to let the wax come over the buds. If these directions are fully carried out you will be sure to be successful.

HOW TO MAKE A HOTBED.

A good deal depends upon the hotbed as to whether good strong early plants of the tomato, cabbage, etc., are to be had or not. It should be located in some sheltered spot with unobstructed southerly exposure. If some building or tight board fence be situated so as to ward off the cold north winds from the bed it will be favorable. Any old sash will answer, so it will not be required to buy the regular hotbed sash for the purpose, if it be desired to save expense.

The most convenient width is three to four feet. It can be made as long as necessary. The frame is made of ordinary hemlock boards, the back side being five or six inches higher than the front, so as to give the sash a slant towards the south. The earth is thrown out to the depth of two feet in the bed and replaced with firmly packed horse manure eighteen inches thick. Over the manure is placed six inches of fresh soil. Soils and soil from an old pasture, fine leaf mold, and a little rotten cow manure, all thoroughly mixed, make an excellent soil for hotbed plants. At first there will be considerable heat and evolution of gases. After the temperature has fallen to about 90 degrees and the foul gases have been allowed to escape, the seeds may be sown.

FEEDING CALVES.

A calf may be fed skimmed milk when one week old, with the addition of one gill of boiled flaxseed, increasing the ration to a pint a day when four weeks old, and then adding fine middlings or corn and oats ground together, or a pint to one quart of oats unground.

I have used gruel, with plenty of skimmed milk, will produce a very fine growth, leaving the calf as mellow to the touch as if sucking the cow. A calf two months old will gain three pounds per day on this ration.

The oil taken off in the cream can be replaced for one-fifth of the money value of the cream. Butter dairymen may raise a calf to each cow upon skimmed milk and a little additional food, such as indicated, and get one-fourth to one-third as much profit out of the refuse milk as out of the butter. Selling butter loses the land of nothing valuable—only carbon which has no manurial value.

GROW MORE ROOTS.

Although the seed of mangels, rutabagas, turnips, carrots, etc., are so cheap, very few farmers are acquainted with the real value of root crops. It is simply amazing what an amount of food for stock they will produce on a small area. A ton of hay equals in nutritive value about three tons of mangels, but land that would produce two tons of hay, will raise anywhere from 15 to 40 tons of these roots, they feed largely on the air, do not exhaust the soil, and are easily harvested and fed. The main thing is they will not stand freezing, and to secure them from freezing, and to keep them up before feeding. One farmer remarked to me recently that he could almost fill his wagon bed on a space no larger than the wagon, and we have grown them here that weighed 35 to 40 lbs. each. The seed can be readily obtained from any seedsmen, and Mammoth Long Red is generally preferred. —J. T. Huntington.

DON'T SACRIFICE THE SHEEP.

Farmers are making a mistake in disposing of all their mutton breeds of sheep. There is no meat-producing animal that will pay better for the feed and time expended, if kept in small flocks. Mutton is always in good demand, and it is stated by physicians to be the most wholesome meat in the whole list. Sheep will eat more varieties of weeds and grasses than any other animal, therefore they are a benefactor to most farmers. Preserve and maintain the small flocks of mutton sheep. It does me good to see a nice flock of sheep well cared for, because I know that in figuring up at the end of the year, the profit of the sheep will be on the right side.—D. J. Briggs.

DAIRYING AND SWINE.

There is great profit in a wise combination of the swine and cows. There is much waste of milk which cannot be used on the farm in any other way. The milk is this variety to the food of the hogs and lands to afford a balanced ration. No food is more palatable to the pigs than milk. A vigorous digestion is promoted and a disposition to take on flesh is extended.

For shoats the sour milk is especially appropriate. In the estimation of some practical feeders whose conclusions are to be respected, the acid in the sour milk for the older pigs—those more than four months old—is particularly valuable and equivalent to using cooked food in many instances.

CURE FOR LICE.

A sure cure for lice on cattle or colts is insect powder. Place on a brush and rub in. A steer placed over a canvas and treated as above, was relieved of over a pint of lice. Enough of the powder was applied to kill the young as fast as they hatched, and in ten days the animal was entirely free of the pest. Another correspondent writes that with a paint brush he applies crude petroleum along the back of the animal. It will not injure the hair, and the animals can be turned out during any weather. Paint the henhouse once a year and the fowls will not be troubled with lice."

THE FEROCIOUS GORILLA.

A Gentleman's Thrilling Encounter and Miraculous Escape on the East Coast of Africa.

A gentleman who has lately returned from a tour of South and East Africa tells of a thrilling encounter he had with a gorilla while in that far-off country. Said he:

"The evening train had arrived at Lorenco Marques, Delagoa Bay, on schedule time. But what a night it was; the rain came down as if the very heavens were falling, the wind blew a terrific gale and the darkness which overspread the whole scene was such as I had never witnessed before. It was, however, a fitting night to the experiences which followed. Stepping from what the Netherlands Railway Company term a first-class carriage, I accosted a heavy-set individual on the platform. 'Can you tell me, sir, which is the best hotel in this place?' I asked.

"'Well stranger," he remarked, 'that is hardly a fair question to ask me, as I own both the hotels in this place.'

"I turned over my grip to him and followed a crowd of Africans through

THAT TROPICAL STORM.

Dinner was served at the International Hotel, but my permanent quarters were to be at the Central, both of these being owned by Jim Carpenter, the person I met at the station. After dinner an employee of the hotel asked me if I was ready to go to the Central. I replied in the affirmative. He went to the door, and above the din of wind and rain could be heard his vocie yelling 'Sixpence!'

"My belief was that this individual was singing out to some of the natives that a sixpence job was waiting for any of them, who would take me to the Central hotel, but it proved to be the peculiar name of an East African negro. 'Sixpence' came with a 'yap boas.' It seemed as he came that a section of that black night was moving bodily towards me. The instruction was to keep close to 'Sixpence.'"

"The route was through a large garden. We had hardly entered the garden inclosure when a terrific scream was heard, and at the same time I was struck on the head. In an instant I had my revolver out and fired at my unknown assailant. My enemy grappled with me, but before losing my hold of the revolver, I managed to fire two more shots. But it was

AN UNEVEN FIGHT.

I received another blow on the head, rendering me unconscious. When I regained consciousness, which was three days later, I learned that my firing of the revolver had attracted the attention of a man who was known at Delagoa Bay as 'Texas Wilson.' He told me that he ran out of his house with his gun and lantern, and had hardly gone 200 yards when he came across a huge gorilla carrying me on his back. The gorilla scowled at him, but he was determined to rescue me from that brute. After taking a careful aim he managed to shoot the animal without hitting me, and killing him. Then he brought me to the hotel, where I afterwards was informed that a big gorilla had been sent to Jim Carpenter about three days previous. He had been tied to a tree in the garden, but somehow must have broken his lchain, and was waiting for the first comer. It was Carpenter's intention to send the gorilla to the Manchester, England, Zoological Garden as a present.

"This was my first visit in December, 1891, to the sleepy, dirty and sickly town of Delagoa Bay, on the east coast of Africa.

WHY DENTIST'S USE GOLD.

"People seem," said a practical dentist recently, "to wonder why it is that dentists use gold for stopping teeth, and are inclined to believe that it is because they wish to run up the bills. As is well known, silver would resist the acids found in the mouth almost as well, and I have been asked at times why I did not use silver. If those who are so anxious to cast aspersions on the dentists would only study metallurgy, they would find that the reason that we employ gold is that it is the only metal that will weld while cold. Silver will not do so; nor will anything else. The cohesive properties of perfectly smooth and clear gold are astonishing. If you take a sheet of gold foil and let it fall upon another, both will be so firmly joined that it will be impossible to separate them. It is this property that makes gold valuable to dentists, and not the desire to increase bills."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A certain Miss X was in the habit of calling on a minister's family often, and sometimes the calls lengthened into visits, which were very wearisome. One day the dominie, in his study, heard Miss X's voice, and kept long and vigorously at work. Some hours afterward, when his wife summoned him to lunch, he called down stairs,

All right—and is that bore gone?

Yes dear, replied the wife; but Miss X is here, and will take lunch with us."

Thus she saved his life.

"Hostility to Great Britain is openly and freely expressed at Pretoria, and emissaries have been sent to the Orange Free State and to Cape Colony to stir up, it is stated, race feeling. Germany and France, it is said, will guarantee the independence of the Transvaal if necessary.

SOME UNPOPULAR WARS.

USUALLY FAILURES WHEN NOT POPULAR WITH THE PEOPLE

Historic Illustrations of Popular and Unpopular National Strifes—The French Army in Spain—The Revolt of the Spanish Colonies.

The disastrous outcome of the Italian war with Abyssinia recalls the equally unsuccessful termination of the British expedition against the Mahdi in the same quarter of Africa, when the army of Hicks Pasha, comprising over 11,000 men, all perished in an effort to resist the terrible onslaughts of the fanatical Arabs. The disaster to Hicks and his force marked the end of the "Anglo-Egyptian rule in the Soudan, for, although Gordon was sent to Khartoum in a vain effort to resist the victorious march of the Mahdi, the power of the Moslem Messiah constantly waxed greater and greater, until the whole of the Egyptian Soudan was under his control. This was in 1885, since which time the Mahdi has remained in undisputed possession of the Upper Nile region, without even the pretense of an effort being made by the British or Egyptians to reconquer the country. On the heels of the Italian disaster at Adowa, recalling in almost every particular the slaughter of El Obeid, comes the news that a forward movement is to be made by the British and Egyptian troops, and that an effort to reconquer the Soudan, province by province, is already under way. It is evident, therefore, that a bloody war is at hand, for any one who supposes that the Arabs of the Soudan will be easily conquered must have forgotten the stubborn bravery which they have never failed to show in every encounter with European troops. But long and costly as the conflict will be, its necessity is clearly perceived by the Governments of both Greatz Britain and Italy, for if the prestige of European arms is lost in Africa the country might as well be given up at once. The claim that England is aiding Italy in the forward movement which had just been ordered may be dismissed as a pretense, for the movement now in progress along the Nile must sooner or later have been undertaken, had the Italians never invaded Abyssinia at all, and is only made now from a conviction that the news of the Adowa disaster will spread all over the Soudan, and, in no great length of time, is sure to cause an invasion of Upper Egypt by the dervishes. England, therefore, desires to take time by the forelock, and by invading the realms of the Mahdi, prevent a forward movement of the savage tribes of the Soudan into the Lower Valley of the Nile.

BOTH WARS UNPOPULAR.

What the Italians think of the Abyssinian war has already been demonstrated by the riots in almost every large city of the peninsula. Looked at from the point of view of the men who, as conscripts, will be forced to take part in it, the Abyssinian war is certainly not likely to be popular. It is not pleasant, under any circumstances, for a man to give up his business or profession for an indefinite length of time, to do military duty on a nominal pay, but when that duty is to be done thousands of miles from home, in one of the hottest and most unhealthy regions of the globe, and for the conquest of a country that does not appear to be worth the trouble, no one can be blamed for feeling that an injustice has been done. In England, where there is no conscription and the army is recruited by voluntary enlistment, the burden is of a different kind. The British subject does not experience the hardship of compulsory military service; that is delegated to the men whose business it is to do all the fighting.

But fighting costs money, and the Briton as has been remarked by more than one of that nation, is taxed from the cradle to the grave. Every foreign war means a considerable increase in the taxation, and as this occasions general dissatisfaction and no end of grumbling of British administration is those days were thus rather personal very slow to undertake a war which can not be made to pay for itself. In this case there is a strong probability that, although an attempt will be made to saddle the war debt on Egypt, a large part of the expense will ultimately have to be borne by Great Britain, for it is altogether within the bounds of probability that a considerable army, sooner or later, be sent from England to aid in the conquest of the Soudan, and, of course, the British taxpayer will be required to foot the bill. There is every sign at present, judging from the comments in Parliament, that the present undertaking is already far from popular in England, the chances are that its unpopularity will increase as the conflict goes on and becomes still more expensive.

UNPOPULAR WARS.

If the war waged by Great Britain and Italy in Abyssinia and the Soudan proves unfortunate it will be one of the few instances in history where an unpopular war was successful, for, in general, such contests have been failures. There is a good reason why, in modern times, this should be the case. So long as the land and people of a nation were owned in fee simply by the King and the nobility, the sovereign could declare war on whom he pleased without consulting anybody, and carry on the conflict by making forced loans or exactions. The wars of these political—that is they were inspired by the personal ennui or the caprices of the sovereign rather than by reasons of state. However unpopular they might be among the people, the latter had no choice but to do the fighting and paying, for the will of a despotic sovereign in an absolute monarchia is the only law. Even an absolute monarch, however, can be hampered in his military operations by the reluctance of his people to engage in war or disinclination to continue it after the burden of carrying it on becomes severe, and the ambitious plans of more than one King have been frustrated by the passive resistance opposed by his people. When they found that remonstrances were vain, there was no means left which rarely failed to accomplish the purpose, and that was to assassinate the King. It is true that even this sometimes did not secure the desired peace, for it occasionally happened that a King who had been assassinated by his people because they were tired of his wars was succeeded by another equally warlike, but, as a rule, when a monarch died by the assassin's dagger and it became generally understood that the act was approved by an overburdened nation, his successor took the hint and kept the public peace until a cause for breaking it was plain to every one. In nearly all civilized nations of the present day, however, the people have a greater or less share in the management of public affairs, and, through their representatives in Parliament, can place an effectual check on the power of the monarch. It is thus in their power to object to the declaration of a war which is not to their taste and to stop a war that is already going on by intimating their wishes.

NAPOLEON'S WARS.

The wars of the French Revolution were at first wonderfully popular. Elated by their newly found liberty, the French people proposed to liberate the world, and the National Assembly, in a rhetorical proclamation, let it be understood that wherever a people desired to shake off the yoke of royalty, thither the French were ready to go to their assistance. The immediate result was a declaration of war by England, the news causing in France the utmost enthusiasm. Then came Napoleon, whose unexampled success and marvelous magnetic powers served to keep up the war spirit. The apparent ease with which the eagles and tricolors were carried into every capital in Europe made the volatile Gauls wild with delight. But by and by, when they could see no end to the Emperor's wars, they began to tire of glory and desire peace. In spite of their brilliant military history, the French are a peace-loving people, and desire nothing better than a chance to transact their private business, whatever it may be, in quiet, and to lay up a little money for old age. Little by little, the fact dawned upon them that, instead of being free they were under the rule of a despot more absolute than Louis XIV., because more able; and, as they arrived at a clearer apprehension of this truth, the Emperor's wars became unpopular. Especially among the women. With the female half of the human race, a personal consideration, however trifling, counts for more than a weighty reason of state, and such was the terrible loss of French blood during the Emperor's campaigns, that hardly was there a household in France that could not name its members who had fallen on one of Napoleon's fields. After the disastrous campaign in Russia, mourning was so common in Paris that a woman dressed in colors was stared at on the street, and people concluded she must be a foreigner. The Emperor was fully aware that his popularity had vanished, but his magnetic power remained, and travelers in France during the days between Moscow and Leipsig tell of the pathetic scenes they witnessed while the merciless conscriptions were going on, the parting of husbands and wives, of mothers and sons, the files of conscripts, handcuffed together like felons, on their way to be drilled and trained as marks for the cannon of the allies.

THE SPANISH WAR.

Aside from the general unpopularity of his later wars, Napoleon had a terrible example of the futility of attempting to conquer the whole people. He could conquer an army, but only once did he attempt to conquer a nation, and the experiment was the most costly he ever made. Had he been satisfied to permit Charles IV. to reign in Madrid as his ally, he would probably have had no firmer friends in Europe than the Spanish, but his desire to aggrandize his own family impelled him to force the abdication of Charles and to place on the throne Jerome Bonaparte. At once all Spain flew to arms. Charles had never been popular with his people. Ferdinand, in whose favor he at first abdicated, was still less so, but this cut no figure in the Spanish mind when opposed to the fact that a foreign King was being thrust upon them. The whole nation rose in revolt against the French. Napoleon apprised of the danger, hastened to Spain with an army of 170,000 men. The Spanish forces which opposed him were easily defeated and cut to pieces, and Jerome entered Madrid as King of Spain. The defeating the Spanish army and putting down the unanimous uprising of the Spanish nation were two very different things. Every man in Spain was a sworn enemy of the French. Garrisons could be established in the leading cities, but the subjugation of the country was an impossibility. When a French column was on the march every thicket concealed a party of Spanish sharpshooters; when a small detachment ventured from the main body it was ambuscaded and exterminated. Firing went on day and night wherever a body of French was stationed. When the Spanish guerrillas were seen and attacked they invariably fled in disorder, but as invariably returned to the attack as soon as the vigilance of the French troops relaxed. Nor were the cities, though quieter, safer for the invaders than the country; the sentinels at the gates of Jerome's palace in Madrid were stabbed and the assassins were never detected; French officers were found dead in the ante-rooms with dozens of knife wounds and no arrests were made, because there was not the slightest clue to the murderers. Even the women took part in the war, and in Madrid and other cities the French soldiers who ventured into evil resorts were morally certain never to come forth alive. From the abdication of Charles to the coming of Wellington there was not a leader of prominence nor any army, but the guerrilla warfare wore out and exhausted the French army so that of the thousands who entered Spain in triumph under the leadership of the Emperor scarcely hundreds returned to France, and Napoleon attributed his subsequent misfortunes in no small degree to the disasters in Spain.

THE SPANISH COLONIES.

Those who are denouncing the Cuban method of waging war for independence will do well to remember that no more effective means could possibly be adopted for wearing out the Spanish army than now employed by the Cubans. In every sense of the word, they are waging a popular war, a war of the people against Spain, and there are few instances in history of the complete suppression of an insurrection in which a whole people participated. The method now employed by the Cubans is identical with that which every Spaniard on this side of the Atlantic obtained its freedom. In every cause there was an uprising, then the whole population took arms against the Spaniards. The latter had organized forces and experienced commanders, but, although, foes flocked about them by day and night, they could find nobody to fight. They marched to and fro whenever they heard of an enemy, and made desperate efforts to bring the insurgents to a decisive engagement, but in vain. TBy the time they arrived at the place where the rebels had gathered, the latter had dispersed in as many directions as there were men, and the Spaniards, worn out with marching, were yet compelled to be on the alert day and night, for the guerrilla warfare never ceased. There were few regular battles; the Spaniards simply melted away, the men dropping one by one, here and there, worn out by disease and fatigue, or falling singly under the deadly fire from an unseen foe. It was the same kind of warfare that destroyed Napoleon's army in Spain, the same kind of warfare that enabled the Afghans and mountain tribes of the Khyber Pass to make out famous defile the grave of 12,000 men during the "terrible march from Cabul." Against such a method of waging war organization is powerless, and the best troops in the world will be worn out by a conflict thus carried on. An army may be met and overcome, but when every man and woman in a country is hostile it can never be subdued.

THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN.

Great Britain's Distinguished Ambassador to France.

Out of the dust and din which England's bold proposition to conquer the Soudan has raised in France rises the form of the imperturbable marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the most distinguished diplomat of the times. France is fighting angry with England, and the relations between the two countries are tense as a fiddle string. All England looks to the Marquis of Dufferin to smooth down the ruffled feathers of the Gallic bird, and if he fails in this amazingly difficult task it will be because the affair transcends the power of the master hand at diplomacy. The marquis has won his honors fairly, and he has no end of them. Not even a tithe of them can be given here, but it may be said that he has occupied every lofty post in the diplomatic service of his country and its collateral interests. He is now above 70 years of age, and in his long career has been of vast service to his government. He has been secretary of state for India, and of war, too. He was viceroy of India and governor general of Canada. He was British commissioner in Syria. He has been ambassador to Russia, to Rome and to Constantinople. It was while at the Turkish capital that he was intrusted by his government with the conduct of the entire Egyptian relations, and had the settlement of all the questions that grew out of the trouble made by Arabi. It was while fresh from these works that he was made viceroy of India. In 1891 his lordship was given his present post of the French embassy, and now, when the two governments clash, he came to the front as peacemaker. He is personally loved in Paris, and this fact will go a long way toward a real triumph of diplomacy should he succeed in placating France and winning a victory for English advancements in Africa. Yet his present position is an exceedingly difficult one. Lord Dufferin has no end of titles. His father was the fourth baron of Dufferin, and the son has been widely honored by many universities. He has some honorary degree from every big university in Great Britain. Harvard gave him honorary L L.D. in 1878. He is an author of note, and withal one of the most interesting personages in Europe.

SPORT FOR DARING MEN.

Shark Hunting Off Cuba as Described by a Native.

If there is any one who has tired of the tame sport of shooting deer, moose, panthers, wildcats, brown and grizzly bears, and of catching little trout, black bass, and salmon, and has a longing for sport with a swing to it, let him go to Cuba. Besides the chances of being captured, or shot by Spaniards as a spy, he will find there a sport which, for real live danger, is unequalled, even by the killing of a roaring tiger, the charge of a herd of angered elephants, and beside which even wounded bull moose are no longer charming.

According to a Cuban, shark fishing is a sport to be dreamed about. The Cuban shark fishermen take chunks of beef and throw them overboard out beyond the reefs, where the dorsal fins of sharks are to be seen cutting the water with a vicious swish, like the plunge of a modern rifle bullet into a stream. Instantly there is a rush, fit to make ordinary brave men blanch, for the eagerness of the sharks to rend the bloody meat is something to think twice about. Now is the time for the sportsman to do as the Cuban fisherman does. Stripping off his light clothes, grasping a long keen knife, he leaps among the fish, and thrusts the knife to the nearest shark's heart. A quick wrench opens a wound that spurts blood, and then the sport fairly begins. It is death to a man who then loses his nerve. There is hope for the buckfeverish man who is facing a wounded tiger, but none for the man among the sharks.

The Cuban expert watches his chances, and as the sharks, attracted by the blood, come to tear their mate to pieces, he strikes them one by one, and soon the water is filled with sharks flapping their last in the water red with blood. When a shark comes for him, he glides to one side, and as the shark rushes past on its side he strikes it dead. Bags of twenty-five or thirty man-eating sharks may be captured thus in a few minutes.

The teeth are the trophies. To get them the head is boiled in a big iron soap caldron. A tooth of a healthy shark is ivory white, with a hard, porcelain finish, and could be worn as a trophy. There are several rows of these teeth. One row of them cut out would make a saw, the teeth being obtusely triangular, each exposed edge of a single tooth being cut into minute teeth. The sharks bite a man's leg off, and do not tear it off, as is generally supposed. Indians make long strings out of these teeth for beads, that the squaws may think much of the hunters, and one would suppose that a string of them would not be unacceptable to a palefaces's sweetheart. The shark's may be taken in a variety of other ways. Rifles, spears, harpoons, lasses (snares), or fishhooks a foot long. And they are taken often in nets, but not because the netter wants to take them, as they tear and tangle the nets for rods.

CONGENIAL COMPANIONS.

A recent issue of the London Times contained the following unique advertisement: Young lady required as governess for one little girl, aged 10. As she has unhappily lost a leg, it is considered possible that more sympathy will be shown by a lady in a similar position; preference, therefore, given to such.

CURIOUS FIGURES.

Some Ingenious Methods of Making Calculations.

Are you a book-keeper or a bank clerk? If you are, it is ten to one that you don't know the peculiarities of those things which you juggle daily in your business—namely, numbers. They are certainly very "freaky" things, and the average lay mathematician knows not half the mysteries of which they are possessed, although amusing dissertations concerning them are seemingly without end.

To begin there is a method of subtracting the sum of several numbers from the sum of several other numbers without adding each sum separately.

First make this table:

56,243	
84,564	A
3,252	
26,848	
2,942	
3,654	B
2,308	
162,003	

Let it be supposed to subtract all the amounts below the line at B from all those above it at A. Add all the figures in the first lower column B, which will make 14, and subtract their sum from the next higher numbers or tens, or 20. Add the remainder, 6, to the corresponding columns above at A, and the total will be 23. Write down 3 at the bottom, and because there were here two tens as before, there is nothing to be reserved or carried. In a like manner add the figures of the second column in B, which will amount to 9, and this taken from 10 will leave 1; add 1, therefore to the second column of the upper two numbers, the sum of which will be 20; write down a cipher at the bottom, and because there were here two tens, while in the lower column there was but one, reserve the difference and subtract it from the next column of numbers, marked B, before you begin to add. In the contrary case—that is, when there are more tens in any one of the columns marked B than in the corresponding column above it—the difference must be added. In the last place, when it happens that the difference is not to be taken from the next column below, for want of more significant figures, as the case here in the fifth column, it must be added to the upper one and the whole sum written below the line. By proceeding in this manner the above result is obtained, and will be found invariably correct.

Any schoolboy who has passed multiplication in his arithmetic knows that to multiply a number by ten it is only necessary to add a cipher; by 100, two ciphers, and so on. Hence it follows that to multiply by five it is only necessary to suppose a cipher added and divide by two. Thus, if it were required to multiply 127 by five, with a cipher added you have 1270, which divided by two, equals 635, the product required.

In a like manner, to multiply any number by twenty-five, two ciphers must be added, or first assume that the number has been multiplied by 100, then divide by four. According to the same principle, to multiply by 125 it will be necessary to add three ciphers and divide by eight.

The multiplication of any number by eleven may be reduced to simple addition. Let the number to be multiplied by eleven be 67,583. The whole process may be reduced to the following few strokes of the pencil:

67,583
743,413

Just say three and cipher make three; write down three in the units' place; then add eight and three, which make eleven; write down one in tens' place and carry one; then add five, and eight and one carried make fourteen; write down four in hundreds' place, and carry one. Continuing adding every figure to the next following one, until the operation is finished.

The same number may be multiplied in a like manner by 111 by first writing down the three, then the sum of eight and add three, and so on.

Multiplying by nine may be reduced to simple subtraction. Take, for example, the same number—67,583. The only figures necessary are these:

67,583
608,247

After a cipher is added to the end, subtract each figure from that which precedes it, commencing at the right. Continue in this manner, taking care to borrow ten when the right-hand figure is too small.

These are some of the tricks of lightning calculators. It is not hard to learn these various systems, and the peculiarities of each number, and when a man gets them thoroughly into his head, he is able to do some things apparently marvelous.

To determine the divisibility of numbers is perhaps one of the tantalizing things mathematicians have to deal with. The following properties are useful:

Any number is exactly divisible by four if its two right-hand figures are exactly divisible by four.

When the sum of the digits of any number is exactly divisible by three, so is the number itself.

Any even number is exactly divisible by six which is exactly divisible by three.

If the last three figures of a number are exactly divisible by eight, so is the number itself.

Any number is divisible by twelve which is divisible by three and four.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Government Will Ask the Commons to Increase His Allowance.

A despatch from London says:—A report is current and gains credence in the lobby of the House of Commons that the Government will ask the House to increase the allowance of £37,000 yearly granted to the Prince of Wales in behalf of his family. The request will be made on the ground of the heavy expense of the establishment of the Duke of York, the Prince's son. The Prince of Wales has settled upon him by law an annuity of £40,000 and by an Act passed in 1863 receives £37,000 annually in addition for the support and maintenance of his children. He has also as income the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which in 1894 yielded him £57,734. The Princess of Wales has settled upon her the annual sum of £10,000, which in the event of her becoming a widow will be increased to £30,000 annually. Thus the incomes of the Prince and Princess amount to a total of about £114,734, or $723,670.

Use your gifts faithfully, and they shall be enlarged; practice what you know, and you shall attain to higher knowledge.—Arnold.

OUR SPECIALTY THIS WEEK..

IS

TOILET SOAP....

For daily announcements see Bulletin Boards.

W. W. BOLE.

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1896.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Mr. Walter Scott, of Regina, spent Wednesday in town.

Sergt. J. L. Green, of North Portal, was in town on Wednesday.

Next time you go to a picnic, "Ben," don't wear your Sunday boots.

Inspector Williams,, of the N.W.M. Police, Regina, was in town yesterday.

Advertisers are never satisfied with one insertion, nor are wide awake newspaper advertisers.

Mr. Hamilton Lang, editor of the Regina *Leader*, spent Sunday and Monday in Moose Jaw.

Messrs. Will MacLeod, D. McTavish, A. McDonald and E. G. Woodward spent the holiday (Monday) in Regina.

Miss McCandler, of Qu'Appelle Station, arrived in Moose Jaw on Tuesday morning, we understand to remain for some time.

Mr. O. B. Fysh has a new speeding cart (!), presented to him by the Massey-Harris Co. We expect to hear of some record breaking this summer.

Mr Lusk made an excellent group photograph of the Round House and employees on Wednesday. A large number have been ordered at 75c each.

It is unfortunate that the picnic at Stony Beach occurrs on the same day as Mr. Davin's Moose Jaw meeting, the 3rd prox., as many wished to attend both.

The plot of ground that contains Benwell's remains is to be offered for sale by public auction. It is a forced sale of Princeton cemetery under the power of mortgage.

District meeting of the Methodist church was held at Qu'Appelle Station on Tuesday and Wednesday. Rev.'s Ferrier and Robinson and Mr. A. Hicks were down from Moose Jaw.

Mayor Bogue has in the window of his store flower pots made of the pottery clay from the Dirt Hills. The specimens prove that a paying manufactory might be established near town.

The C. P. R. park has put on its summer attire and presents a beautiful appearance. This park is probably the prettiest between Winnipeg and Moose Jaw, and gives the town a prosperous appearance.

Rev. Mr. Ferrier is in Winnipeg attending Conference. He will be absent from his pulpit two Sundays. Rev.'s Robinson and Barner and Mr. Martin will conduct the services during Mr. Ferrier's absence.

The town hall, after being kalsomined and repaired, is again ready for occupancy. The clerk's office and the other rooms have also undergone cleaning and kalsomining. The contractors have apparently done their work well.

On account of the quantity of work coming in, Mr. Lusk, the photographer, will remain in town another week. It would be well, however, for those thinking of having photos taken to call early and not run the risk of allowing fine weather to slip by.

The pushing, prompt, persistent men, who advertise each day in every year, can always make their advertising pay. The men who advertise and—stop, for lack of nerve and pluck, are those who have to "shut up shop" and talk about "hard luck."—*Press and Printer.*

Reports come from different parts of the country, that crops are growing "by leaps and jumps." Never before has wheat made such rapid advancement in Assiniboia. As for hay, the prospects are that there will be an abundant supply. With cheap hay and cheap oats, stock should be well fed during the coming winter.

Mr. H. Jaggar spent Sunday and Monday at Qu'Appelle Station.

Capt. Mackie, rancher at the Dirt Hills, is spending a few days in town.

Mr. J. H. Ross, M.L.A., spent Monday, the 25th, at Bambridge's picnic and in town.

Miss Rogers, daughter of Mr. Rogers, of the Civil Service, Regina, is visiting friends in Moose Jaw.

Many who had intended going to the pic nic at Bambridge's did not go on account of the inclemency of the weather.

Mr. S. J. McDiarmid has accepted a position with the Alberta Railway and Coal Co., Lethbridge, and will not return to Moose Jaw.

The Massey-Harris agent has received samples of "red cap" and "blue ribbon" binder twine. The prices will likely be a little higher this season.

Const. Manners paid a visit to friends in Moose Jaw on Sunday, the 24th. Manners made a host of friends for himself while stationed here, both socially and also in the discharge of his duty.

The Outlaw is the latest Territorial publication to reach our table. In politics it claims to be "on the fence." The reason adduced for its appearance is "to expose the shame and frauds and rampant hypocrisies that surround us on every side." The little sheet is printed at Scott's Coulee, Alta.

A vicious dog is a contemptible thing, and should be kept in restraint. A dog that will, without offence, make a bound and take a mouthful out of a gentleman's breeches, such as one did on our main street last Sunday, should be immediately put where it will not have a chance to repeat the act.

The C. P. R. dam near the pump house broke away last night. This has been feared by the company for six weeks or more, and a gang of men have been kept at work to try and save it. The Moose Jaw Creek has been very high during this time and was never known to continue high so long.

There were among those strangers in Moose Jaw during the week the following gentlemen: W. E Crawford, prince Albert; F. T. Schrieley, D. J. Mason, E. L. Thomas, Winnipeg; E W. R. Murphy, Moosomin; Chas. Nicolle, Mapleford; W. Williams, J. P. Martin, A. F. Houston, Montreal; A. W. R. Markley, Calgary.

Two travellers going westward were intercepted in their journey on Thursday of last week on the arrival of No. 1, and put under arrest by our town policeman. After being arraigned before Police Magistrate Green on a charge of stealing a ride on the C.P.R. trains, they were sent down to Regina jail in charge of the policeman.

The weather for the past few days has been pleasant and the streets and roads are becoming smooth. The wet weather having continued so long, making out of door exercise exceedingly unpleasant, the fine weather and smooth roads are being taken advantage of by young and old, and our town presents a pleasing aspect, especially of an evening, by people indulging in all sorts of sports, and also promenading and driving.

Mr. Thos. J. Scott, tenor soloist, of Winnipeg, is in town and may give an entertainment at an early date. Should he do so he is sure to please, if one can judge from the press notices. The Selkirk *Record*, in the course of a complimentary notice, says: "Mr. Scott has a very strong clear voice, and many who were present said that he was the best male singer who ever appeared in the hall." Mr. Scott is also an organizer for the Sons of Scotland, and will endeavor to organize a lodge here.

There was a terrible disaster occurred at Victoria on the 26th inst., the day of the Queen's birthday celebration. Excursions were being run from Victoria to Esquimalt to witness a review of the militia and a sham fight when one of the electric cars, loaded down with people, plunged through the Point Ellice bridge into the Victoria Arm. The car was completely submerged in the water, and the people were packed so tightly in the car they were unable to move, much less extricate themselves. Most of those who stood on the platforms of the car were saved. Sixty one dead bodies have so far been recovered.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

The kalsominers have finished the dining hall and have improved its appearance greatly.

Mr. S. Leatherland, with an Edison phonograph has been at the Brunswick hotel for three days. The reproduction of Gladstone's last speech is simply perfection. He leaves to-morrow morning. Call early.

A report has been current that Mr. W. W. McDonald, Liberal-Conservative candidate for East Assiniboia had withdrawn. We have positive assurance that the report is a pure fabrication, and that nothing is further from that gentleman's mind.

THE RANCHERS' PIC-NIC.

Large Attendance Despite the Unfavorable Weather--- A Prairie Fire.

On Monday last the people of Canada once again united in celebrating the anniversary of the birth of our beloved sovereign, Victoria; and from the Atlantic to the Pacific the citizens of this vast Dominion—the young, the old, the rich, the poor, Patron, Liberal and Conservative—met, for one day, at least, upon common ground. Happy would it be for Canada if this unity of interest but continued throughout the year.

Here, in our town, although the weather was not very favorable for a day's outing, yet the citizens and people of the surrounding district turned out in large numbers to attend the pic nic at Mr. Bambridge's ranch, some few miles south of town, where a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon was spent in sports of various kinds. The following is a list of the principal events which came off during the afternoon, all of which were keenly contested and much enjoyed by the spectators:—

THE SPORTS

A game of baseball between teams captained by W. Simington and E.I. Baxter came first on the programme. After an exciting game, in which many players exhibited a thorough knowledge of the game, the match was declared a draw.

The next event of the afternoon was a hundred yard foot race (men's), in which the contestants were Judd Battell, Muirhead and Fred. Mitchell. A little surprise was created at the finish when Mitchell, after getting a poor start, forged ahead of his competitors and won easily.

A boys' race (100 yards) came next. This was won by Ben Ostrander.

The most exciting event of the afternoon was the ladies' race, won by Mrs. Tapley.

Girl's race came next, in which Miss Florence Thomson carried off the honors.

Long jump, won by W. Simington.

A "Watson" race brought out three competitors, Rev Mr. Watson winning.

Horse race (running). H. L. Fish's horse won against McDonald's, Doran's and Baker's.

This brought the sports to a close. Speeches were then delivered by Messrs. J. H. Ross, M.L.A, Wm. Watson and W. J. Nelson, being mostly complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Bambridge for the success of the pic-nic.

While the baseball match was in progress a prairie fire was started by some small boys playing with firecrackers, some distance away, but owing to the heroic efforts of the man with the long boots it was prevented from rousing at large.

A splendid lunch was served in the evening, after which the majority of the pic-nicers returned to their homes. A large number, however, remained to the dance, which commenced about 9 o'clock and, as is usual in such cases, did not break up till the small hours of the morning.

Supreme Court.

Judgment has been delivered by Mr. Justice Richardson in the following cases:

ENGLAND vs CAMPBELL.—Plaintiff had acted as book-keeper and clerk for defendant for two and a half months, his services being worth $60 per month. Defendant contended that plaintiff's remuneration was to be one third of the net profits of the business, sales having to be made at 15 per cent. over cost. It was in evidence that the business was not fairly started and that defendant had himself departed from this arrangement by selling at a less advance than 15 per cent. His Lordship held that defendant could not rely on this arrangement and gave judgment for plaintiff at $60 00 per month, allowing defendant a contra account of $37 30. T. C. Johnstone and Wm Grayson for plaintiff, W. J. Nelson for defendant.

FELL vs WILKINSON.—Action for damages for trespass by defendant's cattle on plaintiff's land. The evidence showed that at the time of the trespass one Francis was in possession of the land under an arrangement with the plaintiff. His Lordship held that as plaintiff was not the party in possession of the land he could not maintain the action. T. C. Johnstone and Wm. Grayson for plaintiff, W. J. Nelson for defendant.

WAGHORN'S GUIDE TO TRAVEL and BUSINESS 50c by

The Indians of the West.

(Written For THE MOOSE JAW TIMES)

You've all read Cowper's novels; they are fascinating tales
Of Indians on the warpath and on the hunting trails
Of Indians who shot "Murphys" as they tossed them in the air,
And of squaws so dark in beauty, you could hardly call them fair.

I should judge that the bush Indians were out and out the best,
But at present I will tell you of the Indians of the west.

The majority are fat ones, but some, of course, are lean,
And lots have holes above the nose, where once an eye had been.

The males are very dignified in a sober sort of way.
They can take things very easy, while the squaw works all the day.
The easy way they court, too, is habitual to their life,
They ride off with a pony and come back with a wife

I don't think very many do ever take a wash.
They are never in a hurry and never very rash,
The very thought of washing does give them quite a fright,
They're scared that if they went to wash they all would come out white.

He dresses in a manner which is really meant to kill,
And with all his showy finery his tailor bill is nil.
Government finds him most things as a matter quite of course,
And what he can't get that way he'll cadge from another source.

They most all are merry fellows and they all know how to swear,
At least the Indians who do not are very few and rare.
They cannot speak much English or to speak it they are loath.
Until it comes to swearing, then they start with an English oath.

Now, we'll leave the Indian warrior and turn unto his spouse,
There's nought I know about her that represents a mouse.
She don't seem very timid, she's too stolid for to flirt,
And there's nothing loud about her save the color of her skirt.

She don't go in for fashion, she never is tight laced
To judge from the proportion of what might be her waist.
Her face she's proud of painting, but unlike ladies of the east,
She don't mind if you spot it, oh no, not in the least.

She don't go in for bustles, or curling up her hair,
She don't use belladonna, or rouge, now I will swear,
And if you saw her in a town you never would suspect
Her of sitting on a doorstep, poising for effect.

She's far from being frivolous, she seldom does seem gay,
And to ape at the new woman does not seem in her way.
She does not ride a bicycle or sport a new latch key,
Though some can ride astraddle as well as you or me.

But there's lots of things she can do and do them not by halves,
She can pitch camp in a hurry and butcher cows and calves.
She can hustle round while cooking and spank her eldest son.
Her husband, a philosopher, he does the looking on.

She's something like the parrot, of that I'm nearly sure,
She doesn't do much talking but she thinks a pile the more.
She hands down the tradition of how out on the wild
Her grandpa very bravely stabbed a white man's sleeping child.

* * * * * *

Now young man take this advice which I do freely give,
If you want to take it easy as long as you do live
Just marry a squaw with a powerful arm,
who never her work does shirk,
And you can do the looking on while she does all the work.

—HAL.

The Rifle Association held a good practice on Monday. To-day as we go to press, the Association team are shooting in the Dominion Rifle League matches, the score to be transmitted east be telegraph. There is a high wind blowing and therefore the score is not likely to be very high.

BY MAIL, Stone LAKE, WAGHORN'S GUIDE Ocean

. MORTGAGE SALE .

OF VALUABLE

FARM PROPERTY!

By virtue of a mortgage made by Robert H. Riddell to the British Canadian Loan and Investment Company (Ltd.), pursuant to the order of the Honorable Mr. Justice Richardson, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction by Oswald B. Fysh, Auctioneer, at the Ottawa Hotel, in the town of Moose Jaw, on Saturday, July 4th, 1896, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, the following property, viz., The southwest quarter of Section number Eighteen (18), in Township Seventeen (17), in Range Twenty-six (26), west of the Second Principal Meridian in the district of Assiniboia in the North-West Territories of Canada.

The property will be offered at an upset price to be named at the time of sale.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to

WM. GRAYSON,
Vendors' Advocate,
Moose Jaw, N.W.T.

O. B. FYSH,
Auctioneer

Dated 5th May, 1896. 47-2

Noxious Weeds Committee

A meeting of the above Committee will take place in Town Clerk's office on Saturday, 6th June next, at 1 p.m. By order of chairman.

H. McDOUGALL,
Secretary

To the Public Generally:

We thank you for your liberal patronage in the past and while fully realizing the changed conditions, our interests are largely mutual, and we are more determined than ever to hold our ground against all competitors. OUR MOTTO WOULD BE: "Stay by those who stayed by you and the district."

To the FARMERS:

BLUESTONE! No danger of shortage this spring. We have a large quantity bought of the analysed, pure, unadulterated article. Price away down low.

To the Dairymen:

We are local agents for Western Assiniboia for the celebrated Alexandra Separators, and can sell them as low as they can be bought in the Dominion. See those now on exhibition in our window. All dairy requisites such as cream and milk delivery cans, churns, pails, thermometers, separator oil, &c., in stock. All our other lines complete and at rock bottom prices.

SEED GRAINS.
SEED GRAINS. E. A. Baker & Co.

A MAN LOST!

A man lost $3 on a suit of clothes. It was his own fault, for he should have bought it at M. J. MacLeod's, the Up-to-date Clothier.

Another Man Gone Wrong!

Yes, he went to the wrong place to buy clothing, so he just lost what would have bought a nice suit for his boy.

THE MAN MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED

From paying $3 or $4 extra on a suit if he had called on M. J. MacLeod.

Just my .. Luck

Said the man who paid $7 for a suit when he could have bought it for $5 if he had come to M. J. MacLeod.

I HAVE FOUND IT!

Yes, the place to buy Men's, Boys' and Children's high class ready-to-wear clothing is at

M. J. MacLeod's

Matt. Fletcher,

(The Farmer's Friend)

Late of York, England.

Skilled Blacksmith. Horse-shoeing a Specialty.

I have made a number of hand-drills, containing six bits; prices away down.

A call solicited, when my workmanship will speak for itself.

Forgo, River Street, West,

(Near Brunswick Hotel.)

Help Wanted—Female!

WORK FOR MEN AND WOMEN. We pay $6 to $10 per week for easy home work. Child can do it. No Scheme. Books or Peddling. This is bona fide. Send stamp for work and particulars at once. THE SEYMOUR SUPPLY CO., Masonic Temple, Camden, N.J. 45 1y

SPRING MILLINERY OPENING.

Just placed in stock a beautiful assortment of new spring millinery in the newest styles, also ladies' capes, golf jerseys, blouses, Hygien Underwear and all lines suitable for children's wear.

Miss E. Clarke.

GENDRON BICYCLES

..HAVE THE..

Most Rigid Frame & Finest Bearings

Of any wheel on the market.

For Sale at.....

BELLAMY'S

.....Furniture Store.

Baby Carriages, Doll Cabs, Waggons, &c., on hand.

IF YOU WANT A

Spring Suit or Overcoat,

WE HAVE THE GOODS

Just the thing for spring! Fine Tweeds and Worsteds in light and dark colors. The latest spring coatings in all shades.

OUR SPRING HATS

have arrived, they are the genuine spring shapes, Wakefield Manufacture, London, England.

SLATER, The Tailor

O. B. FYSH,
Auctioneer & Valuator.

Orders for Auction Sales or Bailiff's work left at office, Town Hall block, will receive prompt attention.

R-I-P-A-N-S.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.